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A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

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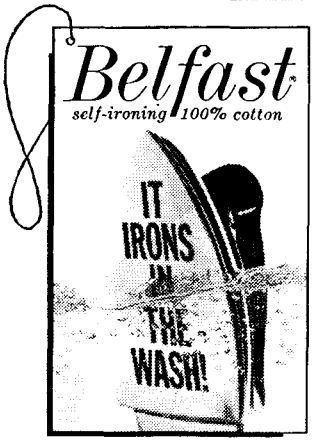

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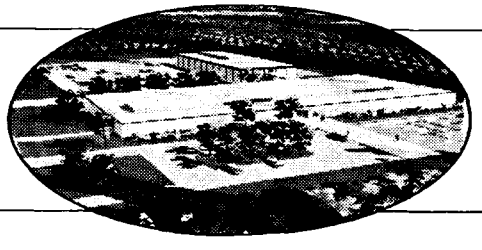

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NATIONAL REVIEW

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

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In This Issue . . .

→ we feature an original poem by **Ezra Pound,** a work of art by one of the greatest practitioners of poetry of our time, a superb lyricist, who renders poetically an amorous Egyptian colloquy three thousand years old. It is the first "magazine poem" Ezra Pound has allowed to be published in twenty years. "Conversations in Courtship" will be published next season by New Directions in a volume *From Confucius to Cummings.* . . . At the other end of the world we worry about Drew Pearson. Miss **Anne Konstance,** a free lance writer who uses a *nom de plume,* suggests the record of Drew Pearson during past election campaigns warrants our expecting in the next few weeks a concentrated smear on political enemies of Drew Pearson, *i.e.,* on friends of freedom . . . **William Buckley** considers the ordeal of the English critic Kenneth Tynan, who ululates in the current issue of *Harper's* over his *horrible* mistreatment by a Senate investigating committee, and suggests everything in America would be rather better if it were rather more British.

→ **Brent Bozell** rejoices in the discovery during the second TV debate of a genuine difference between Kennedy and Nixon, and hopes that difference will not be lost in the next weeks. . . . **James Burnham** analyzes the New Africa, which nowadays monopolizes our time, and that of the United Nations, and probes the superstitions that underlie much of our rhetoric on the subject. . . . **Russell Kirk** discusses the form that commencement excercises now take, bemoaning the departure from the traditional academic dignity that only here and there survives, in the age of commercialized education. . . . **Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn** analyzes, among other things, the European view of the American elections.

→ **Richard Whalen,** who works for the *Wall Street Journal,* reviews a book on the myth of Soviet strength, and the weakness of U.S. foreign policy, by Jameson Campaigne, editor of the *Indianapolis Star.* . . . **John Chamberlain** reviews the pleasant, poetic autobiography of C. Day Lewis, who speaks of his short unhappy sojourn in the Communist Party of Great Britain. . . . **Joan Didion** reviews some recent novels with a justified impatience. . . . C. S. Lewis' *The Four Loves* is discussed by **Frederick Wilhelmsen,** who this year is teaching at the University of Iraq on a Fulbright fellowship, and plans to return to Avila, Spain, to rejoin his family after the school year is up. . . . And **Francis Russell** reviews a couple of off-beat movies, designed for erotic appeal, but which would jade the appetites of a sex-maniac.

→ The NATIONAL REVIEW Fifth Anniversary Dinner Committee bubbles along. We are overwhelmed by the list of distinguished sponsors (see p. 228). We look forward to seeing our friends at the Plaza on the 27th. →

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The WEEK

● Our man on Mars informs us that Venus, shrouded though she be in methane, is habitable. Our first response was that, by God, she had better be: for if this planet becomes shrouded any more thickly in the miasmatic fumes of Liberal bombast and carbon monoxide, we shall welcome a sidereal alternative. But a stern second thought has damped our jubilation. If Venus is habitable, is this not a question for the United Nations? We can see it now. Hawakuti Bawajarlakawuddin of the Independent Federation of the Guano Islands will propose that the United Nations be expanded to galactic jurisdiction, and that it be called the United Asteroids. And woe to us Venus-dwellers, for we shall be the first to fall! Down there on Earth, what red-blooded statesman would dare to face his people with a refusal to unite with the Goddess of Love?

● Senator Eugene McCarthy of Minnesota believes this is the day and the hour to break through "the conservative barrier that has frustrated so many hopeful [Liberal] efforts in Congress [since 1954]." The Liberal-conservative breakdown in the Senate today, he says, is 48 to 52; and the senator points out, in a widely-circulated appeal for funds, that a gain of three seats will give the Liberals control of the next Senate. Working with the bi-partisan National Committee for an Effective Congress (it is bi-partisan in the sense that it wants both Republicans and Democrats to be socialists) he urges a last-minute drive to unseat conservative senators Karl Mundt (South Dakota), Gordon Allott (Colorado), Andrew Schoeppel (Kansas), and replace them by "young, able, Liberal candidates George McGovern, Robert Knous and Frank G. Theis." The Liberals are conceded the best chance in South Dakota and already a "Committee of Historians for George McGovern" and a "New Frontier Committee for McGovern" have been formed. It would behoove conservatives not only to get into the fight in those states but also to support: Senator Bridges in New Hampshire, Senator Dworshak in Idaho, Senator Curtis in Nebraska, Senator Saltonstall in Massachusetts and Rep. Alvin Bentley, running against Pat McNamara in the Michigan senatorial contest.

● Like Feste in *Twelfth Night*, American politicians seem doomed to reaching right conclusions with a fool's reasons. To wit: Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge has advocated federal aid to private as well as to public schools. Surely a step forward, we would say—(though we deplore federal aid to *any* school)—an equitable thing, a relief from the double costs incurred by parents who pay local school taxes and also pay for private tuition. But what is Mr. Lodge's reason for this advance? Because if the Army wants a missile man, "you want the private school boy to be just as good at mathematics as the public school boy." So help us, he said it. Exit, chased by a bear.

● The 18th "American Assembly," made up of sixty of the usual names (James B. Conant, Henry M. Wriston, Dean Rusk, Adolf Berle. . ., you take it from there) plus supporting staff and, they say, a first-class chef, spent a long weekend at Arden House—deeded in 1950 by Averell Harriman for the enlightenment of the nation—and came up with the usual drivel, this time in the coy form of a "Memorandum to the Next President of the United States." The alleged subject was "the organization of the State Department and foreign policy." After three days of hard labor, the brainstormers managed to give birth to such jewels as: "Our success depends on strength; it depends equally on vision and ability"; "No single staff can encompass all the skills necessary to cope with the tremendous range of international problems"; "Ideas and talents should be sought wherever they may be found"; "The Secretary of State needs the support of top officials of high prestige, knowledge of international affairs and executive ability." We like especially the definition of the "high degree of autonomy" recommended for international and information agencies: "Their directors should be acceptable to the Secretary of State, and their operations should be subject in Washington to the policy direction of the Secretary, and in the field to the authority of the ambassadors." If that's what they mean by "autonomy," their definition of "dependence" should really be worth hearing. Well, as they sum it all up in a winged phrase for the ages: "No neat formula can save us."

● The publishing house of Communist Carl Aldo Marzani and associates (Prometheus Book Club, New York), has been sending around elated flyers describing the lavish treatment it recently received from the British journal, *John O' London's*. *John* devoted a recent issue to American publishing, and singled out for special praise the pro-Communist and pathological book list of Prometheus, under an article entitled "America in Chains." All this is sad enough, but one must expect that there will always be an ignorance in England on affairs American; but said flyers go further in their ecstasy and state, "We have just been informed that the U. S. Department of STATE [their caps] has bought forty thousand copies (40,000) of this special American book number for distribution through U. S. Information setups throughout the world." We took the matter up with

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STATE, and heard back promptly from the Director of the Office of Public Information, Mr. Albert J. Lubin, who writes, "This report is absolutely without foundation. We have not purchased and definitely do not plan to purchase and distribute this publication, as reported. . . I have written to Prometheus requesting that they take prompt action to issue a correction to be given the same circulation as the earlier announcement." All of which will undoubtedly confirm the publishers of Prometheus and the readers of *John* in their conviction that America is in chains. Our feeling is that that part of America bounded by the walls of the Prometheus Publishing Co. should indeed be in chains.

● We are given the impression that vicious anti-Catholicism is a Southern property. To which Mr. Don Ewing of the *Shreveport Times* comments: of sixteen prosecutions (under postal laws) in eight states in the last several years for "distribution of the bogus Knights of Columbus oath only one of the states was Southern—Georgia. Pennsylvania led with four."

● West German scientists have developed a cheap way to separate fissionable uranium: the centrifuge process. German concerns have already sold three early models of the centrifuge, two in Brazil and one in the United States, and have applied for patents in several countries. During World War II our scientists rejected the centrifuge process as impractical; we continue to operate our hideously expensive atomic plants with the gaseous diffusion process. Atomic weapons now fall within the grasp of dozens of countries, and atomic weaponry moves over into the field of do-it-yourself. No doubt before many months have gone by the newspapers will run a story on some precocious NYU sophomore leering over the achievement of his own little atomic bomb. The Deans' offices will, we warrant, treat their students with greater respect, and declare for more cultural exchange between Administration and student body, and for amicable coexistence.

● People (the Neutralist Five) living in glass houses (the United Nations) should not cast stones (urge peace through conciliation, *i.e.*, a Khrushchev-Eisenhower meeting) until such time as: Sukarno agrees to meet with Dutch leaders over the future of Dutch New Guinea; Nasser accepts Ben-Gurion's bid for an Israeli-Arab Summit; Nehru obeys the UN order to negotiate with Pakistan over the future of Indian-occupied Kashmir; Tito answers U. S. reparations demands for a plane he wantonly shot down over Yugoslav skies, and Nkrumah opens both Ghana's jails and her borders and lets his political opponents out—and in.

A Clue for JFK

Last week, Senator Kennedy undertook to instruct the nation on how to deal with Castro. Needless to say, he did not tell us how, he merely factionalized the problem. His intention was revealed as being less how to find the answer to Castro than how to use Castro to gain votes. In railing against the handling of Castro by the Eisenhower Administration, Senator Kennedy did not recall that as recently as last April, on "Face the Nation," he said, "I have supported Eisenhower on two points. One is Cuba, with which I agree. . ." Nor, come to think of it, did he cite the views of the elder statesman of his own party—"one of the greatest presidents in history," as he once called Harry Truman—who said on one occasion last year that he thought "the boy [Castro] means to do right . . ." and on another that "Fidel Castro is a good young man . . . we ought to extend our sympathy and help him to do what is right for them. . ."

Why are we now threatened with Castro? Why should Castro ever have arisen to threaten us? We suggest to Senator Kennedy that if he wants a clue to the answer to that question, he reflect on a scene enacted eighteen months ago at his alma mater. It was a brilliant spring evening, and Harvard had not found a hall large enough to hold the crowd. In the history of Harvard, there had not been such a demand for seats. The meeting was finally held outdoors. And there, ten thousand members of the Harvard community—teachers, students, administrative officials—met in high spirits to give Fidel Castro a thunderous prolonged ovation.

That, Senator Kennedy, is why the United States has not been able to cope with Castro—or before him with Khrushchev—or Mao Tse-tung—or Stalin; or indeed, with Alger Hiss. We have not understood. The most educated men in our midst and the most highly-trained—and those who trained the Kennedys—have not been understanding the march of history, in which Castro is a minor player, though at the moment great shafts of light converge upon him and give him a spectacular brilliance. When Castro arrived at Harvard he had been four months in power. The firing squads had been working day and night. The courts were reduced to travesty; he had postponed democratic elections until a day infinitely distant; he had long since begun to speak stridently about world affairs in the distinctive accents of Bolshevism; he had insulted our ambassador; his radio stations and newspapers were pouring out their abuse of this country. Things were due in the next months to become worse, indeed; and Castro would get no such reception today at Harvard. But today is too late. Today is when Senator Kennedy gets around to telling us how to deal with Castro.

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The point is that no one knows, exactly, how to deal with Castro. No one even knows how th s country is to deal not with Castro—he is merely a particularization of the trouble—but with a much larger question. We don't know how to deal with Harvard University. If Harvard can't spot Castro for what he is earlier than it did, and show us how to cope with him, who can? And yet Harvard, so dulled are its moral and intellectual reflexes, cheered, while Castro was accumulat ng the power to engross the full, if desperate attention, of John F. Kennedy, B.S. Cum Laude, Harvard, 1940; LL.D., 1956.

Red China at the Gate

An air of unreality surrounds the annual UN debate over Communist China. The issue officially before the Assembly, about which everyone talks for a week or two, is whether to talk: whether, as the parliamentarians pose it, the General Assembly shall "consider the representation of China in the United Nations" as an item of its agenda. The formal arguments of the disputants in no wise intersect.

It is a fact, as those favoring a seat for the Peiping regime contend, that the Communists have "effective" or "de facto" control over the greater part of the Chinese territory and population, and that this is the criterion that has usually decided the matter of recognition in international usage. Usually, but not always, for it has always been understood that special circumstances override the normal practice. As witness, both positive and negative: Manchukuo, Vichy, the Confederacy, divers Polish regimes, Ukraine, Katanga.

It is also a fact that the UN Charter formally restricts membership to "peace-loving" states, and that no one in the UN can very well regard the Chinese Communists as peace-loving while the UN's own condemnation of Peiping's aggression stands unrepealed, and the UN's war against Peiping's armies has never been officially ended. But the formal anti-recognition argument based on the "peace-loving" clause is vitiated by the further fact that no one challenges the UN seats of the Russian Bolsheviks and their East European puppets.

So the formal arguments cancel out, really. But everyone also realizes that the real debate is not over procedure, agenda and forms. UN acceptance of the Chinese Communist regime as the legitimate government of all China and legitimate spokesman for all Chinese would be a massive political, psychological and strategic victory for the world Communist enterprise, a major and cumulative setback for the free world. There are a few UN delegations—Ireland, Sweden and Norway, perhaps, on the pro-recognition side, perhaps Greece, Lebanon and Iraq against—who line up according to the merits, as they see them, of the formal arguments. In general, however, the vote reflects the underlying political and strategic realities. Britain recognizes the Peiping regime as the government of China, but in the UN she votes not logically but loyally, with us against UN admission.

Thus the UN vote on the Chinese question is rightly judged to be an expression of the relative "prestige"—*i.e.*, estimate of relative power—of the two great contenders in the struggle for the world. In 1960 this gauge reads 42 (or 56 per cent) U.S., 34 USSR, 22 abstaining. In the early recordings a decade ago, our percentage hovered around 80, with only a half dozen abstentions.

Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge, speaking no doubt for his fellow candidate as well as himself, discounted the closeness of the 1960 figures. "As long as the United States is opposed to the admission of Communist China," he declared in San Francisco, "Communist China cannot get into the United Nations."

Senators Fulbright and Morse, presumably speaking the mind also of their colleague-candidate, Senator Kennedy, agreed with Nikita Khrushchev and Jawaharlal Nehru that the 1960 vote proves that admission of Communist China is "inevitable" in the next year or two.

Oddly enough, if you think it over you will see that the two comments are perfectly consistent.

Khrushchev Knows His Barnum

We are on the side of the ex-sponsors of Mr. David Susskind's Open End program. There is no reason to assume that Sutro Bros. & Co. is unfriendly to open debate and the ventilation of different points of view—after all, the firm has sponsored the program for two years, and nobody forced it to.

What no one seems able to make clear to Mr. Susskind is that Communists are not people with whom one exchanges ideas. They are people who are bent on imposing a program one part of which calls for the extermination of ideas different from their own; and they need and depend on people of the gullibility of Mr. Susskind to make all this possible. For three glorious weeks no one in New York had violated the community's bond of sophistication toward Khrushchev. Not a single television or radio program had offered a propaganda forum to the garrulous barbarian. The Overseas Press Club invited him, faced a gale of criticism, and edged away from the invitation on a social technicality. And then Mr. Susskind, with infinite, unique insensitivity, opened the door to Open End, sponsoring the dreary propaganda, the assault on the human mind and heart, of the principal slavemaster in history. And yes, at

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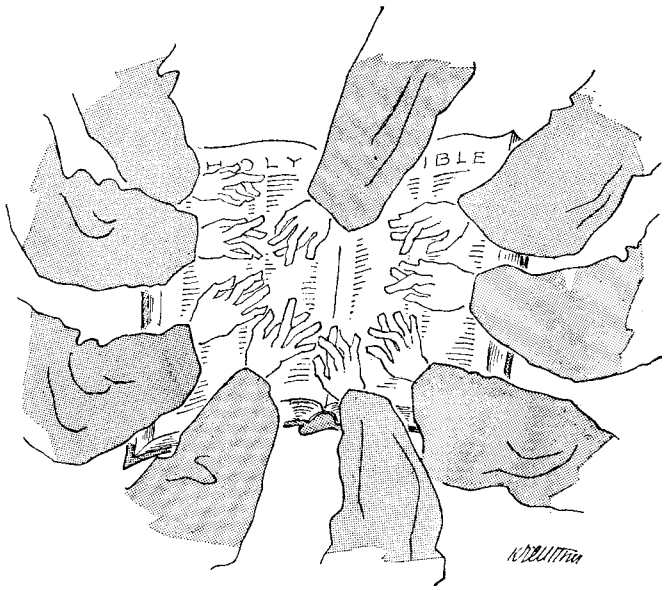
the one point when the desperate Mr. Susskind was trying to demonstrate his independence, Mr. Khrushchev drew him short: *Remember, you little squirt* (that was the unmistakable meaning of his words), *I am lord and master of the Soviet Union. Treat me with respect.* . . And, of course, Mr. Susskind apologized. He might have said: But Mr. Khrushchev, I *have* no respect for you . . . but then what would he do *next* time he wants a Communist on his show?

Oyez!

The important issues confronting the Supreme Court, in recent years the principal agent of legal and social chaos, as it opens its 1960-61 term are such that they almost automatically insure a spate of 5-4 decisions, with the new 45-year-old Justice Potter Stewart, a still unknown quantity, sitting in the swing slot in most of them. If the editor of the Farmers' Almanac could read Justice Stewart's mind, he might achieve a reputation for accurate prophetic statement even transcending his reputation for anticipating the weather.

There is the case of the Georgia railway workers who have objected to being compelled under the union shop rule to join a union which has used compulsorily assessed dues to further the causes of specific political candidates. There are the hearings, now being held, on the constitutionality of the Smith Act, which makes it a crime to be a "knowing" member of a group that advocates violent overthrow of the government. There is the question of the Virginia plan for allocating state tax money to citizens who wish to send their children to private—and presumably segregated—schools. There is the matter of the Southern restaurant and store sit-ins, which involve the property rights of people who own "places of public accommodation." There is the General Motors-du Pont stock case, up again for reargument. All of these cases have far-reaching constitutional implications.

Since the Court splits fairly into two roughly antagonistic groups (with Warren, Black, Douglas and Brennan, the Liberals, facing Frankfurter, Clark, Harlan and Whittaker), we are almost certainly in for some hotly disputed arguments. In the Georgia case (IAM *vs.* Looper), since proof has been offered that Georgia railway labor leaders have spent dues money for political purposes, which is manifestly in defiance of the First Amendment, it is hard to see how the Warren-Black-Douglas-Brennan bloc can easily arrive at a pro-union opinion. But it also strains one's expectations to think of this group reaching a general conclusion that would prejudice the political "education" plans of Walter Reuther and Co. As for the Smith Act and the Virginia school



The Nine: "I solemnly swear to uphold the Constitution of the United States of America . . ."

plan, they both involve the same Bill of Rights. But it is difficult to see Warren-Black *et al.* applying the same logic in each case. If it can be argued by the Liberals that the Smith Act is unconstitutional because it cuts across a person's right to free speech, free assembly and the protection of due process of law, which are guaranteed by Bill of Rights amendments, then Virginia's school plan would seem to be a constitutional state response to the "reserved rights" section of the same Bill of Rights. But who would dare predict any coherent constitutional logic by the Supreme Court?

Blowing Up the Tests

The nuclear test ban issue is piling up to a mass that may go critical before Election Day. Senator Humphrey, yes Senator Humphrey, shoved in a few rods that made the neutrons fly, when he suddenly emerged from the shadow of West Virginia to announce that he, yes he, would put an ultimatum to Khrushchev: sign an inspection-guaranteed test-banning treaty by June or we start again on our own. What made Senator Humphrey's sudden conversion so startling to inner nuclear circles was their knowledge that he had had as much to do as any man with the original decision to suspend fallout-free underground explosions. It was he as head of a subcommittee of the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate, who sold the nation on the contention of certain scientists, since totally disproved but still influencing our policy, that detection of underground tests is technically feasible by existing methods.

On the same day, AEC Chairman John McCone,

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paralleling recent observations by former AEC member Thomas Murray (Democrat), stated his "presumption" that the Soviet Union has been conducting underground tests, and through them may have got a technical jump on our weaponry. Mr. McCone demanded that we get going, now.

The combined operation of Messrs. Humphrey, Murray and McCone smoked out candidate Kennedy. In a public letter addressed to Mr. Murray, the Democratic candidate used a thousand circumlocutory words to elaborate his assertion, "I do not agree that underground nuclear weapons tests should be resumed at this time"; nor did he suggest any time in the future when resumption could or would become appropriate.

Next day, an unspecified Washington source issued the fourth or fifth contradictory report on project Vela, alleging this time that underground nuclear explosions designed "to improve methods of detection" were about ready to start.

Mr. Nixon alone preserved nuclear silence. Some weeks ago he explained to a TV camera that he felt we should continue negotiating for a total ban until we were "convinced" we couldn't get it, but he neglected to add what would convince him or how long he would wait. If he has any new thoughts on the matter, he has kept them Top Secret. Against the background of the Humphrey-Murray-McCone-Kennedy declarations, we imagine that Mr. Nixon's candid view would be of considerable interest to the electorate generally, as well as to NATIONAL REVIEW.

National Review and the 1960 Elections

As in 1956, there are today conservatives who do not intend to vote the Republican Presidential ticket, for much the same reason they gave then: for intelligent Americans, a higher political mission than merely electing Republican candidates to office is the liberation of the party mechanism from the control of the Liberals, and this can be done only by repudiating the Liberal standard-bearer. So it was held in 1956, and so it is being held today by perfectly responsible men: men who are not motivated, as is so often supposed, merely by a vindictive disappointment with Nixon. They have a view of history different from that of those conservatives who say simply, Vote Republican, and fight hard within the Republican Party to direct Nixon and Congress on a rightward course, for the alternative is Kennedy, Reuther, and the Harvard ideologues; and that alternative is intolerable.

In 1956 NATIONAL REVIEW offered this distinction, which is perhaps worth repeating. The argument by relative merit—the argument that one must vote for the lesser of two evils, is very persuasive and within limits conclusive. The trouble is the dynamics of politics do not in fact allow us to go that far and no further. Before we know it, the lesser of two evils is transmuted into a positive good—and from that moment on, we are morally and philosophically adrift. Politics—yes, yes, yes—is the art of the possible; but the ideal, if not possible, is surely more nearly realizable than recent political leadership would indicate. "The danger posed by the Republican Party of today," we wrote in 1956, "lies exposed in its universal emblem, I Like Ike. It should read, I prefer Ike."

Who likes Nixon's Republicanism? We don't. But that does not mean as individuals we can't vote for Nixon for President, just as most though not all the editors of NATIONAL REVIEW voted in 1956 for Eisenhower. That didn't mean we let up the fire: indeed we had to go out in shifts, to leave one editor firing the machine gun at Ike, while another dashed out and voted for him. We must not confuse the verities with the political situation, but we must not, either, lose our vision of the good society merely because, year after year, it fails to materialize.

The arguments are familiar: *In the United States, political parties are not ideological or class parties. They are loose coalitions of varied interests, each of which tries to exercise what power it can within the party. Conservatism, as put forward, say, in Senator Goldwater's* The Conscience of a Conservative, *is a force within the Republican Party. (It is, for that matter, also a force within the Democratic Party.) Nixon is less the leader of a different force within the Republican Party than he is an amalgamator of all the forces. He is if not the leader, the deputy of the centrist force which has prevailed since the fateful first ballot in the convention at Chicago in 1952. Still another force, further Left in many respects, in other respects conservative and nationalistic, is Rockefeller's—and there are others; the lines are unclear. Among the forces there is constant tension. But it is to the advantage of every one of them to work together at election time to keep a common roof over their heads.*

That is a perfectly rational analysis for a conservative to make. It is defensible historically and theoretically.

An opposing view holds: *What is at stake in the next few years is of such consequence as to render irrelevant copybook maxims about the two-party system, coalitions of interest, and so on. Our attention must be given to the supreme problem. We are losing the war to the Soviet Union and we are losing our freedoms at home; and there is no prospect of liberating the Republican Party from the faction which now controls it, so long as the party enjoys executive power. Consequently we must break the*

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old rules, defeat Nixon, and hope that we may succeed during the next four years in developing a true and effective opposition to the Left-Democratic President—of the kind mobilized so successfully in the last years of Mr. Truman's Administration by Senator Taft. By going into opposition we can hope to paralyze the Left, and unload those leaders who, by their deficient understanding, are hastening the victory of socialism, here and abroad.

That, too, is a rational position for a conservative.

NATIONAL REVIEW was not founded to make practical politics. Our job is to think, and to write; and occasionally to mediate. We are tablet keepers. For almost five years we have chronicled the shortcomings of the present Administration. And we are ready for either President Nixon or President Kennedy; our bomb shelters are in good order. Our job today is surely to remind ardent members of the conservative community that equally well instructed persons can differ on matters of political tactic, and that it is profoundly wrong for one faction to anathematize the other over such differences. We do not intend to exhort our readers in a particular line of political action. We have exhaustively explored the illusions of Liberalism, which dominate Mr. Kennedy and influence Mr. Nixon. We hope the country is as strong as Mr. Nixon says it is and Mr. Kennedy says it can be. It will have to be just that strong to survive the years to come, whichever one of them comes to power.

Strike at Pittsfield

James B. Carey, president of the International Union of Electrical, Radio and Machine Workers (IUE), has made good his promise of a year ago—"I owe GE a strike." And picket lines now parade in front of 44 of General Electric's 166 plants across the country. To get a first-hand report on the strike, NATIONAL REVIEW *sent David Franke to Pittsfield, Mass. He wrote:*

> What hurts General Electric hurts Pittsfield, Massachusetts. In this town of fifty thousand population and a total of 15,800 jobs, GE employs 10,600, of whom 5,000 are production and maintenance workers covered by the local IUE bargaining unit. General Electric wages average $2.79 an hour, compared to approximately $2.25 for the locality. Working conditions are concededly excellent.
>
> Pittsfield GE employees were opposed to a strike. When it became plain that local union officials were trying to push through a strike by voice vote, the rank-and-file membership revolted. A new meeting was called, and a vote was taken by secret ballot, with clergymen present as observers. More than 75 per cent of the local IUE members took part, and they voted 2,117 to 1,007 in favor of accepting the company's contract proposals.

The Pittsfield workers were overridden, however, by the decision of the international union to strike, so that on Monday, October 3, picket lines were set up. White collar workers were allowed in, but few production and maintenance workers dared risk the intimidation and heckling of the hard core, "My-union-right-or-wrong" pickets. It does not take many pickets to be effective at the Pittsfield plant. There are only two entrance gates, each about fifteen feet wide. A group of 100 pickets can effectively close off a gate of that size, so that 200 pickets can keep 4,500 union members away from work.

Despite the jeers, intimidations, and name calling, some 800 workers covered by the IUE-GE contract have returned to work. The company offers work to all employees who want it. Many more would be willing to resume work but they face a phalanx crew of several hundred pickets, marching in close formation ("belly-to-back"), forming an ellipse in front of the entrance. If a would-be-worker manages to push through the front line of pickets, he finds himself in the center of a circle of pickets, facing jeers and threats from all sides. If he is pushed around, and tries to protect himself, he is likely to be arrested by the police, for the local police construe it as their duty to be "impartial"—*i.e.*, to arrest a non-striker along with each striker arrested, on the grounds that the presence of the non-striker was the provocation for the violence! It does no good for the non-strikers to attempt to push through as a group. The union told the police that non-strikers must enter the plant single file, and the police have dutifully obeyed these orders.

I interviewed the Pittsfield Chief of Police, Thomas H. Calnan, and asked what he considered the role of the police to be in the strike. "To maintain law and order," was his reply, followed by silence. Why weren't non-strikers being protected? No comment. Why were they being arrested? Silence. Why did the police enforce the union's orders to non-strikers to march in single file? Silence; and the Chief left the room without a further word.

And in England . . .

The annual conference of the British Labor Party has ended. Conservatives—indeed, the entire non-Communist world—should regard the work of the conference with unmitigated dismay. For it had been possible, until now, to identify an insistent drift in European politics away from the extreme leftist positions. The resurgence of Germany under the benign stewardship of classical economic policies; Adenauer's stony resistance to the blandishments of Communism on the make; the Phoenix-birth of France from the grave dug by Liberals into fresher air; de Gaulle's moral strength and intellectual rigor as displayed in his stand against the Communists, with the overwhelming approval of his countrymen; the blossoming economic life of the free-market ententes; all of these, not without op-

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timism, we had interpreted as the signs pointing toward a general Western recapture of the citadel of good sense, sound economics, and defense against the enemy.

And now a strident, well-organized, bellicose faction of extreme leftists in the British Labor Party has succeeded in passing a resolution that makes the policies of the conference binding upon the Parliamentary Party; and having laid that cornerstone, has erected upon it two further resolutions favoring unilateral disarmament and neutralism as a government policy.

The extreme leftists plan to challenge the leadership of Hugh Gaitskell, the moderate leader of the Parliamentary Party. Although they will probably fail in this attempt, themselves estimating that they control only 40 per cent of the Parliamentary vote, still we cannot look unmoved upon the current drift of British Labor politics. The wide-open split of the British Labor Party should not be regarded happily as a net weakening of the Labor Party, but rather as the emergence of a party of collaboration with the Soviet Union.

Even Pauling

The Senate Internal Security Subcommittee has never claimed jurisdiction over the private thoughts of men. It does claim responsibility for investigating the subversive activities of Communists in this country. In discharging this responsibility it must, at times, investigate situations wherein the involvement of Communists may be reasonably asserted. (See "The Ordeal of Kenneth Tynan," page 237.)

So the subcommittee recently served a subpoena on Dr. Linus Pauling, the gifted chemist whose public statements have tirelessly coincided with the official doctrine of the Communist Party over the years, to appear and testify concerning the petition he sent to the UN in 1958. Said petition, signed by 11,012 scientists, opposed nuclear testing. Strange thing about that petition: of the signers, 3,700 were from Iron Curtain countries, including the Soviet Union. Reasonable question before the subcommittee: how did Dr. Pauling get around to all these people behind the Iron Curtain?

Answer: he didn't. He had help.

Reasonable question, then: Who were his helpers behind the Iron Curtain?—and for that matter, Who were they in this country and in forty-three other non-Communist countries? When an apparently global apparatus supports Dr. Pauling in a petition that coincides with the Communist Party goals, does not a reasonable man suspect something?

Well, Dr. Pauling decided to ignore the subpoena. Then the same day he decided to comply with it. He appeared before the subcommittee and handed over a list of 1,200 people whom he had enlisted to help him collect the signatures. But he refused to say which persons did the actual work—refused, that is to say, to answer the supremely relevant question. That refusal comprises a willful hindrance to the legitimate and reasonable investigating function of the United States government, the legal consequences of which are explicit. Nobel Prize winners are not exempt.

For the Record

Newest member of Senator Kennedy's campaign coterie: the Reverend Adam Clayton Powell Jr., who has been named a "consultant" on "urban affairs." Powell will devote the rest of the month to campaign speeches for Democratic ticket. . . . Jackie Robinson, on Richard Nixon's campaign staff, says as of now he believes Democrats have edge on Negro votes. . . . GOP National Comittee has turned out "Kennedy Absenteeism Kit," a 17½ foot-long sheet of paper listing votes Kennedy skipped in his eight Senate years. . . . Republicans say reason Kennedy so seldom mentions Senator Johnson in his campaign speeches is because they differed 238 times in their Senate votes. . . . Job no one is angling for in Republican circles: next Secretary of Agriculture.

Latest opinion in mixed-up Michigan political picture is that Democrat John Swainson will win gubernatorial election, but that Nixon will carry state. . . . Record 13,000 crowd at JFK rally in Flint was aided by free raffle tickets UAW gave every spectator on a 1960 Buick. . . . Several meetings of Dr. Arthur Sharron, the conservative professor of economics running against ADA-supported Representative William Moorhead in Pennsylvania, have been broken up by opposition rowdies.

Far East experts believe fate of Laos will be settled this month; they say the odds strongly favor a Communist takeover. . . . The generally well-informed Missiles and Rockets says Red China is building up a submarine fleet capable of launching Soviet-designed missiles.

In baseball-mad Cuba, the cry the past week has been "Pittsburgh sí, Yanquis no!"

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National Trends

Nixon's Round

L. BRENT BOZELL

The commentators' consensus after the second television debate was that Nixon won it, but most of them were not very helpful in explaining why. The talk here in Washington, and elsewhere, was about Nixon's rehabilitated "image"—how he was more "aggressive" and "tougher" and looked less like warmed-over death than the first time out. But while all that was perfectly true, Kennedy also seemed healthy and was at least as contentious; so that these fascinating comparisons could at most account for a draw. The advantage in this encounter, if there was one, was in the arguments. And the only real argument was on foreign policy.

In all, there were seven clashes on the subject—though two of them were hardly that since Kennedy either went into a clinch or backed away.

—Kennedy's big opportunity came at the opening bell on a question about Cuba, and he muffed it. Nixon had been asked, in the spirit of a Kennedy speech the day before, why Republicans shouldn't be held responsible for the loss of Cuba to Communism in the same way that Democrats were blamed for the loss of China. Nixon had answered that Cuba was *not* lost; and that even if it was, there were now seven fewer dictatorships in Latin America (never mind the details) than when Republicans went to work on the problem; and that Kennedy should be ashamed for suggesting the U.S. "interfere in the internal affairs of other countries. Whereupon Kennedy, with his opponent wide open for some tough talk about Castro, took a poke at the butcheries of Batista. He then simultaneously berated the Administration for ignoring reports of Castro's Communist involvement, and for giving "continued [aid] to Batista. . . . " The situation might have been saved, he suggested finally, if more Voice of America broadcasts had been "in Spanish." Round even.

— The next exchange had to do with U-2's and "regrets." Kennedy claimed Nixon had "distorted" his position, then flatfootedly proceeded to repeat the sentiments, as nearly as anyone could recall, that Nixon had attributed to him. The U.S. should have "expressed regrets" to Khrushchev, he said, "if that would have saved the Summit." The unavoidable implication was that Kennedy thought in May, and still thinks, that apologies *would* have saved the conference, and consequently that he, as President, would have given them. Nixon insisted that the appropriateness of *pro forma* regrets depends on circumstances, struck a blow for continued intelligence operations, and left the general impression that he, unlike Kennedy, was opposed to groveling. Nixon's round.

— Round Three dealt with the state of U.S. "prestige." Nixon said he will never be satisfied so long as Communists are still on the scene with their present "aggressive tendencies," but that things are looking up. One had only to compare the impact of Eisenhower and Khrushchev on the UN Assembly meeting to discover that "American prestige in the world is at an all-time high." The other point was those UN "votes" which the U.S. always wins. Kennedy countered that the U.S.'s margin of victory on the Red China issue was diminishing, and correctly foretold that it would diminish further before another sun had set. Then there was Mr. Gallup's finding that "the people" of eight foreign countries had predicted the Soviet Union would be ahead in 1970. What is more, the deterioration thesis had been endorsed by Generals Ridgway and Gavin, the Gaither Report and (a low blow) by Governor Rockefeller. Round even.

— Round Four was on the ways to increase U.S. prestige, and was also even. Kennedy thought it was a matter of increasing economic aid which he would "concentrate . . . in long-term loans." Nixon, striving to establish a difference, said he would "pour in" technical assistance as well, and would also go after "the minds, hearts and souls of men."

— Number Five dealt with future "Summits," and produced the clincher. Nixon, missing the whole point about the fundamental nature of negotiations with Communists, said sternly that he would attend a Summit meeting if prior negotiations "at the diplomatic level" assured "progress." Kennedy agreed. Nixon by a nod, for saying it first.

— Number Six concerned the propriety of criticizing the nation's international performance in times of trouble. Nixon said it was all right as long as you were "accurate" about it—as he had been accurate in pointing out that 600 million people "went behind the Iron Curtain . . . in the Truman Administration." He then defied Kennedy to cite an instance in which the Eisenhower Administration had been "defeated" or had "retreated." Kennedy answered by upping the number of Americans who go to bed hungry from 17 million to 26 million, ignoring altogether Nixon's challenge and the wide opening it left to talk about Indochina, the Middle East, Africa and Latin America. Nixon's round by default.

— The final round was fought over the offshore islands. Kennedy said they were "indefensible" and indicated he would give them up, though not "at the point of Communist guns." Nixon shot back sharply that the only important point about the islands is that they are presently "in the area of freedom," any dimunition of which would "start a chain reaction" the other way. He deplored Kennedy's "woolly thinking" on the subject, and prayed for his early conversion. Nixon's round in a walk.

By what standards have we scored? By a fairly educated guess as to what most interested people want to hear. James Reston wrote that most "informed opinion" supported the loser in the debate. One could agree with that as a head-count of U.S. thought leaders and one might also guess that "sound opinion," for different reasons, found very little to choose between the two contenders. But votes, apparently, are what count, and to the extent they are affected by foreign policy, Nixon may have gotten quite a few.

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The Ordeal of Kenneth Tynan

An English drama critic, while a guest of the U.S., proselytes in behalf of Fidel Castro, and is called for questioning by a congressional committee. He wants us to know that is Un-Amedican.

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

We are called upon, ladies and gentlemen, to be angry along with Kenneth Tynan, Englishman, critic, Angry Young Man, and sorrowful with him too, for he has been through an ordeal, which we are to understand is really our ordeal. None of us, I warrant, will succeed in feeling quite as sorry for him as he feels for himself: the point is we are to try, and editorial writers and columnists all over the country are doing their best.

The basic story—Mr. Tynan was called before a congressional investigating committee last spring—is uncomplicated, though the account of it by Mr. Tynan in the current *Harper's* is not. This is too bad, in a man who knows how to be succinct; but we are to assume that, overcome with righteous anger, he could not write simply, or directly, or accurately. Mr. Tynan is a young man of letters well enough known among the literati in England because of his precocious effusions against the established order (for a while he played regular piccolo for John Osborne): but he left Anger, Inc., and branched out. He went to Spain and wrote bravely about brave bulls and matadors, and turned to drama, and drama criticism. His public notoriety derives, alas, not from either his belletristic accomplishments or his dalliance with the bulls, but from an article he wrote a few years ago clamoring for the removal of the monarchy, an ancient and useless and degrading institution, unfit for a world fit for Kenneth Tynan—a point with which one should not disagree too hastily. King-baiting—especially Queen-baiting—is in England the one absolutely certain way to get all the lights in the house to focus on you, and it is just possible that Kenneth Tynan, dramatic critic, knows this—though thumbing one's nose at the Queen is not inconsistent with his general political position, which is that no political institution that existed before he and his intimates turned their attention to political matters, is much worth saving.

In any event, Wolcott Gibbs of the *New Yorker* died, and the editors of the *New Yorker* invited Mr. Tynan, who was then doing criticisms for the London *Observer,* to take Gibbs' place for a year or two. He agreed, and in 1958 came over with his American wife and child and wrote excellent criticism which did not, unfortunately, exhaust his energies.

Twenty "American Mavericks"

Some time last fall, a commercial British television company called Associated Television got in touch with Tynan and said—I am paraphrasing Mr. Tynan's account in *Harper's*—Look, old boy, let's do something to improve British-U.S. relations. Over here we have the impression that in America everybody thinks alike, that the country is in the grip of an iron philistinism: but you and I, we know it's not true, so let's put on a 90-minute television show—you produce it, we'll run it—called "We Dissent," establishing once and for all that in America there are good, brave dissenters who don't go along with American Babbitry.

To this enterprise Mr. Tynan energetically devoted himself, emerging with a list of twenty-odd "lively American mavericks" whom he invited to speak "on the state of nonconformity in general and the nature of their own nonconformity in particular."

In the arts, he selected Norman Mailer (naturally), Jules Feiffer, Alexander King, Mort Sahl, and three Beats: Allen Ginsberg, Bob Kaufman and Lawrence Ferlinghetti. Kenneth Galbraith delivered his thesis on the Affluent Society, and C. Wright Mills his about the imminence of catastrophe unless we shake off the power elite. There were speeches by Norman Cousins, Robert Hutchins, and Norman Thomas.

"America being by definition the greatest capitalist country on earth, it followed that Socialism and dissent would frequently be allied. Accordingly, I also included one admitted member of the Communist Party (Arnold Johnson); and four speakers reputedly linked with the extreme Left—Clinton Jencks, of the Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers' Union; the Reverend Stephen Fritchman of the Unitarian Church; Dalton Trumbo, the Hollywood screen writer; and Alger Hiss." "After lengthy discussions . . . we decided to exclude American dissenters of the extreme right, such as Senator Barry Goldwater, William F. Buckley Jr., and the Imperial Wizard of the Ku Klux Klan. Their participation, it was felt, might have caused British viewers to construe the program as a slanted piece of anti-American propaganda." And that, one can see from the cast of characters selected after lengthy discussions, Mr. Tynan had no wish whatever to do.

After the program was publicized, many Americans were indignant, and Mr. Tynan couldn't, just couldn't, understand why, he said. What was wrong? Had he not merely presented a package of American dissenters to prove that there are dissenters in the United States, and that they are allowed to speak? Mr. Tynan does record that "the Messrs. Cousins, Hutchins, and Thomas wrote to me, protesting against the context in which I had placed them," and slides quickly on to other matters. He doesn't tell the fuller story, which I

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had from Norman Cousins last spring: namely, that when Cousins first heard about the release of the program in England he exploded—sanely, to be sure. Producer Tynan had never intimated to him or to Mr. Hutchins or Mr. Thomas that he was to be sandwiched in among persons reputedly linked with the extreme Left like Dalton Trumbo and Alger Hiss. Each one was under the impression it was to be a short program presenting only himself: not a composite program made up of propaganda by Communists, howls from Ginsberg, and a little revolutionary nihilism from C. Wright Mills. The three requested that they be given equal time to do a show over the same station called "What We Like About America."

But Mr. Tynan evidently thought there are grounds beyond which dissidence becomes intolerable, and he dismissed the complaints in a one-sentence letter. The matter is not dead; indeed, a legal suit is, one would think, in order. A public figure presumably has redress if, after the curtain is drawn, he finds that he is part of a freak show.

Clairvoyance on Castro

But that was just one, the minor of two episodes that led Mr. Tynan to Götterdämmerung. Later in the spring a full-page advertisement appeared in several newspapers under the sponsorship of "The Fair Play for Cuba Committee." Among the dozen or so signatures was Kenneth Tynan's. The ad stormed against the unwarrantedly bad press Castro had received in America. Cuba is not going Communist, the statement said—such charges are smears, probably motivated by vested business interests. All Castro wants to do is "give Cuba back to the Cubans." "Having assured myself [how easily Mr. Tynan is assured the moment the drama leaves the stage!] that the factual points made in the ad were valid, I appended my autograph to the list," says Mr. Tynan. Now that was six months before Fidel Castro came up here to smooch with Mr. Khrushchev and discuss their "common aims," and "common aspirations," to be sure. And then again maybe Mr. Tynan would sign an ad tomorrow saying Khrushchev's intention is merely to give Russia Back to the Russians. Still, here was an ad even Eleanor Roosevelt had refused to sign. The signers were recruited from the fever swamps of the Left—Jean-Paul Sartre, Simone de Beauvoir, Truman Capote, Norman Mailer, James Baldwin, that kind of thing.

The Summons

It was shortly after that Mr. Tynan was hit by the thunderbolt, which is the cause of the current sensation.

He, an *Englishman,* a *freeman,* a *subject* (albeit unwillingly) of *Her Majesty the Queen,* was told by a subpoena to get on down to Washington and appear before an executive session of the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee.

Mr. Tynan describes at considerable length the terror he felt at the summons. He felt "a kind of nebulous chill." "Economic fears welled up." Suppose he was "publicly smeared"? "Would my American earnings be jeopardized?" Would he starve to death? And how could he even answer the committee's questions "without fatally compromising my integrity"? (He answered the questions.) He asked for a week's postponement and got it, so he had a good long night of the soul. "They were, without question, the strongest and shakiest eight days of my life."

He called around, and found to his dismay that it was perfectly legal for the Senate committee to call him. He was on American soil, over which the American government continues to have jurisdiction. There was nothing to do about it but go. He did, and wants us to know that not since Manolete went purposefully forward on his fateful encounter with Islero, was such an act of courage seen.

So Rubashov went to Washington, whence he smuggled out to *Harper's* an account of his ordeal. He is forced to paraphrase his colloquy with his interpreters. "I should like to quote verbatim, but since I have been forbidden access to the transcript, I must resort to oratio obliqua." The rules of the Internal Security Subcommittee are that a witness (or his lawyer) is entitled to access to the transcript of his testimony at any time. We must assume that the committee, if it forbade Mr. Tynan the transcript, did so in blatant violation of its own rules. The other possibility is that Mr. Tynan never requested access to the transcript, perhaps because it is a little easier to parody an event if you are not burdened by the verbatim account; a little easier to be *obliqua.*

Mr. Tynan was in Washington to answer questions about the Cuban advertisement, not the television program, but Senator Dodd, who had protested the distortions in the program in a speech in Congress, evidently took the opportunity of Mr. Tynan's presence to ask whether it had been his intention in producing the show to hold the United States up to contempt and ridicule. Tynan's answer was, obviously, No: far from it, he intended to do the United States a *favor,* as no doubt he also intended by publishing his piece in *Harper's* about his inquisition. Senator Dodd asked him how he had got in touch with the Communists who appeared on his program. He wrote them, said Tynan, having got their addresses mostly from the production staff assigned to him by Associated Television. The names of the staff, he said, appeared at the outset of the program, every one of them having received a credit line. Mr. Tynan's explanation was duly transcribed: and Mr. Tynan now reflects that he may well have ruined many careers. "Even the cutter of the show may have some very rough questions to answer should he ever apply for an American visa." (All this with an unflinching, humorless solemnity!)

Had he been paid for signing the Cuban advertisement? No. Was the advertisement paid for by the Cuban Government? He did not know. One assumes that the committee was trying to find out whether Castro has successfully launched a propaganda base in this country, and whether one of its techniques is to enlist the endorsements of gullible people. I myself should not in the least be surprised if in due course it is revealed that that is exactly what happened. Tynan didn't put up the money for the ad, he says—and I believe him—and you can bet your bottom dollar Norman Mailer didn't, nor Simone de Beauvoir. Who did? *Cui bono?* The point is, it is the proper business of a committee charged with the internal security to explore, and if necessary to recommend legislation

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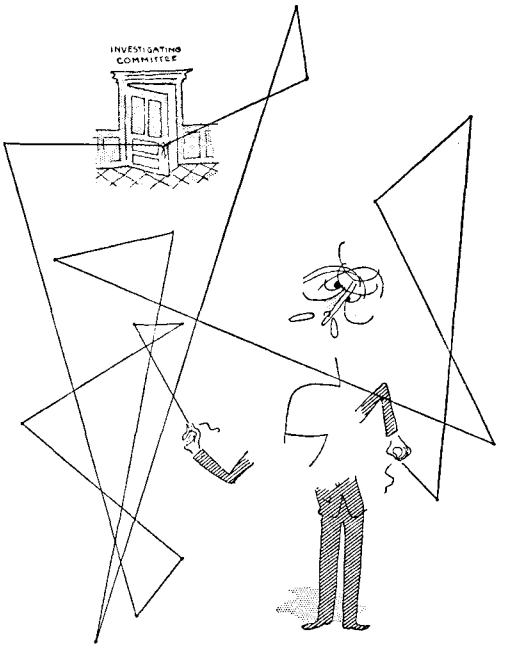
designed to regulate the activities of agents of a foreign power. We do not know whether it has been established after investigation, conducted confidentially, that the Fair Play for Cuba Committee was financed by the Cuban Government. If Tynan knows that it was not, he must have been a most useful witness, for the government needed precisely to know how *he* knew it was not. If Tynan does not know whether or not it is financed by Castro, then he can perhaps understand the committee's not knowing, and the committee's wanting to find out from anyone who might be closer to the Fair Play group what *he* knows about it. If the Fair Play for Cuba Committee *is* a Castro front, then that will probably be revealed in due course, and Mr. Tynan will presumably be grateful to Senator Dodd for relieving him of the further embarrassment of acting as an innocent mouthpiece for Cuban Communist propaganda.

But Mr. Tynan is not a reasoner, and his story goes on with its poetic effulgences. "Was I—and it was here that my fear melted into a deep intestinal chuckle—was I aware that President Eisenhower had made a speech in which he stated that the Castro regime was a menace to the stability of the Western hemisphere? No, I was not. And did I think myself justified in holding opinions that openly defied those of the President of the United States? I brooded . . . and then replied that I was English, and that I had been forming opinions all my life without worrying for a second whether or not they coincided with those of the President of the United States."

Now if that second question was asked exactly as Mr. Tynan quoted it, the questioner, whoever he is, is fatuous indeed; fatuous, I should go so far as to say, beyond belief; or beyond *my* belief, at any rate. I do not have access to the transcript, but I will bet Mr. Tynan the entire orchestra section at the next performance of *The Crucible* that no one said that to him. What someone might have asked him—and if no one did, I raise the point—is whether Tynan thinks it correct to come to America and pummel its citizens with his political views on essentially domestic matters. (I know of no Americans who took out ads in the English papers instructing the British government how to cope with Cyprus.) There is no law against it, and should be none: it is a matter of taste; and though the laws of taste are uncodified, they exist, and bind lesser men—though they are not, I suppose, designed to restrain king-killers.



Kreuttner

"I demand a closed-open hearing; closed when I take the Fifth Amendment and open when those nasty Senators are rude to me!"

On Modesty

On this point a little more needs to be said. "As I understand it," Mr. Tynan lectured the committee after his testimony had been taken, "the function of a congressional committee is to gather information on the basis of which new legislation may be recommended. [His understanding is incomplete.]

"I cannot help finding it anomalous that a foreign visitor should be compelled to contribute to the legislative processes of a country not his own. . . . I am modest enough to feel that the making of American law is none of my business."

But Mr. Tynan feels the making of American foreign policy with respect to Cuba *is* his business, does he not? He signed an ad intended for publication in the United States, hectoring United States citizens to change their views on Cuba. He was not modest about *that*. He undertakes to put together a rogues gallery of Americans, plus a few shills, with the intention of painting a picture of America for his own countrymen so grotesque as to be unrecognizable—and which might well, if believed accurate, change the policy among nations. Let us not deny him the right to do these things; but let him not deny our government the right to take elementary steps designed to find out from him what he knows, if anything, that might cast light on the movements of the enemy, and perhaps to pass judgment, to the extent a congressional committee can, on whether he is himself an enemy, or merely a fool.

My own impression is that he is the latter, and I do not think it is the business of a congressional investigating committee to expose the foolishness of people just for the sake of it. On this point the Internal Security Subcommittee presumably agrees. For it did not breathe a word of its interview with Mr. Tynan. The quailing, cowering, angry young man who writes of his sleepless nights, his forfeited serenity, his sentenced virtue, his imminent poverty, blew the whole thing all by himself, and having done his best to write his experience into the annals of human courage, he turned a few hundred dollars out of a complaisant American magazine, and carried on the great and lucrative English tradition of charging the United States a handsome sum of money for telling us how ugly we are. The Imperial Wizard and I resent that.

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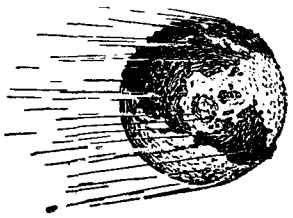

The THIRD WORLD WAR

JAMES BURNHAM

What Is Ahead for Black Africa?

The seeming lull in the Congo—largely an illusion sprung from a shift in headline focus to the UN Assembly—has led to many a sigh of relief that the African "worst" is over. In truth, what has so far happened is a mild prelude to what is coming.

Does anyone seriously think that a workable political structure for the African continent can be based on the stamp-album miscellany that is being so solemnly seated as "sovereign, independent nations" at the East River madhouse? (Rather literally a madhouse, by the way, where the patients wear fancy dress and think they're Napoleons.) I can't believe that even the members of the U.S. delegation are quite that silly.

These Malis, Congos, Cameroons, Togos, Somalias, and even the Ghanas and Nigerias are *not* nations and never have been. They are a set of arbitrary administrative divisions negotiated at the Berlin conference of 1884-85 and there drawn through reference not to African realities but to the convenience and relative power positions of the colonial nations of Western Europe. The boundaries, generally speaking, have no "natural" foundation: neither geographic nor ethnic nor linguistic nor economic nor historical. What held each several unit together, and enabled it to function was solely the power and administrative skill of the European colonial state.

Tribes vs. Nations

The native social organization of Black Africa has been, and still is tribal. There are hundreds of tribes, speaking hundreds of languages. Some are numbered in the millions, others are restricted to a single village or wandering band. Most are believed to descend from four diverse racial groups.

Except for the small Westernized or Marxified percentage—and even this may not be altogether an exception—the members of each tribe are fused into an intimate sodality. No man starves while his tribal brothers have food, nor does any man's death go unrevenged.

The internal adhesion of each tribe is, in many cases, the obverse of its enmity to others. The normal, the preferred relation between tribe X and tribe Y is, often enough, hostility: a hostility that may express itself in torture, killing, cannibalism. The white man's law, religion and power blocked the outward expression, but did not have time to dry up the inward source: witness the Congo's villages as the white man's law and power withdrew.

The boundaries of the new and forthcoming UN members do not coincide, positively or negatively, with tribal residence. Many large tribal associations stretch over part of four or five "nations." On the other hand, most "nations" include within their borders portions of many, often fiercely opposed tribes.

But the irrationality of the emergent African structure is still more extreme than this tribal patchwork indicates. The dividing lines among Moslems, Christians and pagans overlie the tribal and administrative crisscross. Most of the units are impossibly small in population—many with fewer inhabitants than a provincial town of a genuine nation. None are wealthy by Western standards, but some are enormously poorer in income and resources than others. Some could never conceivably become solvent.

To complete the preconditions of chaos, the cultural level of most of the population is incredibly low: for the most part the natives are—and, who knows, may perhaps long be, perhaps prefer to be—at the stage of primitive, pre-civilized barbarism; quite simply, savagery. The civilized stratum is not nearly large enough to manage genuine and autonomous nations. Even in Nigeria—reputed "best prepared" for nationhood—British law has had to require that in the towns and villages meat must be offered for sale unskinned.

Is such a social situation "soluble"? Yes, but not according to the dreams of Western liberalism. It can be solved as it was for many centuries, by suspension in a primitive, pre-civilized, static tribal frame. A return to that solution is by no means to be excluded.

The colonial system was a reasonable solution for a transition period to civilization. The colonial system was abused, sometimes fearfully. It also accomplished much, and abuses can be corrected.

Is There Another Solution?

What the colonial system meant in Africa was that a relatively powerful and advanced nation became the patron of a region that could not rule itself *except* in a condition of static savagery. The realities to which the colonial system corresponded have not essentially changed. It is still true that the greater part of Black Africa cannot rule itself except in a condition of savagery; and even if immensely better endowed, could not, granted the hodgepodge of the new political structure. Moreover, the Congo events have already proved that no combination of African states or small states from several continents or disputing great powers—even if called "the UN"—can serve as the indispensable patron. For each region it must be *one* power, or at most two or three acting in concert.

It is still conceivable that for most of the former French and former British colonies the old imperial master could be transformed into the new patron. In the face of Soviet intrigue, the fanatic intoxication of "freedom," and American nihilism, this is a rather forlorn hope.

So the expectation must be of a crackup of the new African structure even before it is formally completed. As tribal savagery blasts the cobweb framework from the bottom, aspiring local gauleiters—Nkrumah, Touré, Mboya, Lumumba, Kenyatta, the others as yet unnamed—backed by Moscow, London, Washington, Paris, will strike out for the crown of a black Alexander.

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Letter from the Continent

Europe in the Fall

E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

Europe, this fall, should be a great deal more nervous than it actually is. The growing menace from the East expressed by increased threats against West Berlin; the recent declarations of General de Gaulle which seem to put a term to the dream of a truly united Europe; Belgium's financial losses in the Congo; Austro-Italian tension over the Central Tyrol; the economic crisis in Spain; continued anti-German propaganda of a certain sector of the British press, and last, but by no means least, the uneasiness about the forthcoming American elections—all these dark shadows might have created greater apprehension than is to be found on the Continent.

Crises of 1956 Remembered

As to the American elections, very few have any realization of what the American parties stand for or what the respective candidates really are like. American political parties, with their lack of clear-cut ideologies, always have been a puzzle to Europeans and the man in the street over here merely wonders why religion plays such a role in the politics of a nation hell-bent on "modernity" (whatever that may mean) while it has ceased to be a decisive issue in Germany, Land of the Reformation. They think here that it is a good sign that the two candidates have such youthful features in juxtaposition to the heavy, sclerotic skull of Comrade Khrushchev and they also are happy to know that the Russian overlord's candidate —Mr. Stevenson is generally considered to fit this description—is not the Democratic Party's nominee.

On the whole, there is little excitement about the contest, although there is a feeling of fear that a paralysis may set in for some days before and after the election. The events of early November 1956—Hungary and Suez—still are vividly remembered by most of us. It is anybody's guess who this time may use, or rather misuse, the great turning of the page which, with mathematical certainty, will take place on November 8. This time it certainly won't be England or France.

The other events and crises, major and minor, are sufficient, in themselves, to keep us tense, our minds uneasy. The Belgians, it is true, will quickly recover from their Congolese reverses, just as the Dutch did after the much heavier loss of their Indonesian Empire. Contrary to what most Americans believe, the African and Asian colonies only rarely operated in the black. The Congo (*i.e.*, the Katanga region only) was one of the exceptions which prove the rule, and many of the regular subsidies which these overseas areas used to receive from their European motherlands will now flow through all sorts of channels—official and unofficial—from the pockets of American taxpayers (anti-colonial idealists, so many of them!) and Soviet citizens' (involuntary) "Savings Bonds."

De Gaulle's elaboration of his concept of tomorrow's Europe was especially shocking to the Germans who are today, for a variety of reasons, the most ardent "Europeans." This is largely a reaction to the horrors and stupidities of National Socialism; partly a secret realization that the recovery of the lost Eastern provinces —or parts of them—is possible only with Western help.

Needless to say, all German statesmen are confronted not with one, but with two or three problems. There is the problem of the unification of Western and Central Germany (referred to by Bonn as the SBZ—Soviet Occupation Zone) and the subsidiary problem of West Berlin, if not of Berlin itself, since by one-sided and arbitrary Soviet acts East Berlin, to all practical purposes, has been integrated into the SBZ. Then there is the almost equally thorny question of what Bonn calls "Eastern Germany," that is, German territories east of the Oder-Neisse Line, which constitute about one fourth of Germany of the 1919-1937 period (Versailles Treaty boundaries). Its population has been deported west (to West and Central Germany) and by far the largest part of the territory handed over to Polish "administration." (Königsberg, the home of Kant, had been placed under Soviet tutelage.) The final decision on the boundaries has been reserved for a formal peace treaty with an all-German government.

The Lost Provinces

It is evident that no *freely elected* German government could renounce this entire area, full of live memories of the German past. The ten million East German refugees living in West Germany would inevitably and swiftly vote such a government out of power. At the same time there is a fairly general uneasiness not only in Britain but also in France about the continued demand for restitution —even if this demand is couched in definitely peaceful terms. Even phrases like "man's innate right to chose his habitat" or "man's natural loyalty to his place of birth" are highly resented as signs of a vengeful spirit—of a German irredentism, militarism and *revanchism* which would place all NATO states squarely in the service of a Greater Germany and the infamous *Drang Nach Osten*. All criticism of this sort emanating from London or Paris is eagerly recorded and praised in Warsaw, Prague and Moscow.

The Western protests are based on a certain lack of imagination. What, we can fairly ask, would British sentiments be like if a victor had forcibly ejected the entire populations of East Anglia, Kent, Surrey and Sussex? Never would the majority of these displaced persons renounce their right to return. Never would the rest of Britain morally accept such a state of affairs.

At the same time the men of the Bonn government realize that a return of *all* the lost provinces is out of question. But since the formal as well as the moral right is on their side (especially so in the light of democratic self-determination) nobody should expect them to follow the

(Continued on p. 243)

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Special Report

Full Moon for Drew Pearson

Drew Pearson, the author notes, times his smears to do irreparable damage. His favorite time for orgies is just before a national election.

ANNE KONSTANCE

A pattern begins to emerge from the four recent election contests in which Drew Pearson has attempted to exert his malefic influence. Robert Morris in New Jersey, Frank Barrett in Wyoming, Hugh Scott in Pennsylvania, and Ted Miller in Maryland all have suffered from the effects of Pearson's irresponsible attacks. The pattern is this: just before the election date Pearson publishes a slanderous attack on the selected candidate—too late for the injured party to undo the damage. The four cases of this technique discussed here should serve as a warning to all alert readers: watch out for anything Pearson says in the last few days before election!

Here are the four stories.

Frank Barrett, Wyoming

In 1958 Frank Barrett was running for re-election to the Senate. Election day was November 4. On October 29, 30, and 31 Pearson's "Washington Merry-go-Round" appeared in Wyoming newspapers with a story that Senator Barrett had personally arranged to call off a tax delinquency case in which another Republican was concerned. Enormous advertisements, reprinting Pearson's article, and paid for by various Democratic committees at the county and state level, appeared in Wyoming newspapers on October 31 and in the weekend issues of November 1 and November 2. In many papers the ad and Pearson's article appeared in the same issue. The man who, according to Pearson, was involved in tax difficulties sent telegrams to newspaper editors throughout the state, flatly denying the charges. Some papers carried stories about the telegram. In other papers the man had the telegrams reproduced at his own expense. Pearson replied on November 3 and on November 4 (election day) with an article stating that he had witnesses to the incriminating conversation with Senator Barrett.

Senator Barrett was defeated by an extremely small margin. His victorious opponent admits that the outcome hinged on a swing of one thousand votes.

Legal action and official inquiries in the Treasury Department and the Internal Revenue Service take time. Eventually Frank Barrett had enough evidence to threaten Pearson with a libel suit. On October 22, 1959, almost a year after the damage had been done, Pearson wrote a letter to Frank Barrett in which he retracted his charges and apologized for his errors. This letter appeared in Wyoming newspapers on October 27, 28 and 29, 1959—one year after the slander. Wyoming newspaper editors commented in a storm of disgust. According to one of them, the current senator was now in office "because of a Big Lie."

Hugh Scott, Pennsylvania

In 1958 Representative Hugh Scott was running for the Senate. Election date was November 4. On October 10 Drew Pearson's "Washington Merry-go-Round" appeared in Pennsylvania newspapers with a charge that Hugh Scott had exacted $2,000 of an alien in return for introducing a special bill to permit him to enter the United States. The AFL-CIO Committee on Political Education printed and distributed throughout the state one million copies of Pearson's slander.

The slander failed. Hugh Scott won his seat in the Senate by a margin of less than 3 per cent of the total vote.

Immediately after COPE and Pearson had issued their slander, a brother of the young alien issued a public statement denying Pearson's charges. The statement was ignored until after the election. Then the defeated candidate wrote a letter of apology to the young man's family; but not one word to Senator Scott.

The facts are these. Several years before the 1958 election the law firm of which Hugh Scott had been a longtime member was retained by the family of the young alien to win a pardon for him on the ground that he had been sentenced to prison despite police promises that he would be treated lightly as a result of cooperating in their investigation of a warehouse robbery. (The young man had driven an automobile involved in the robbery.) Hugh Scott's share of the firm's $2,000 fee was $480. The young man won a full pardon. Later, while he was in the House, Representative Scott was asked by the family to introduce the special bill to allow the alien to re-enter the country. This he did, and Senator Joseph S. Clark introduced a companion bill in the Senate. Thanks to Senator Clark's efforts in reintroducing the bill in the 86th Congress, the young man is now back in the United States.

Pearson has yet to apologize to Senator Scott.

Ted Miller, Maryland

In 1958 Ted Miller was seeking reelection for his seventh term in the House. Election date was November 4. On October 31 Pearson's "Washington Merry-go-Round" in the *Washington Post* carried a long attack on Ted Miller. Pearson accused him of "an almost 100 per cent record of voting against legislation to benefit the farmer." He insinuated that Miller

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was the captive of certain large contributors of campaign funds. He accused Miller of introducing two bills "for the sale of two ships from the Government's reserve fleet. Nothing was said in the bills as to who would buy them, but specifications in the bill were tailor-made so that only two companies could effectively bid. . . ." On Saturday, November 1, more than 50,000 reprints of Pearson's article were being circulated in Miller's district on the eastern shore of Maryland, seventy miles from Washington, where they had been printed by one of the labor press group.

Until late in the campaign no one had filed to oppose Miller in his bid for re-election, for his victory seemed assured. Shortly before the filing date, one Thomas Johnson appeared at the filing place in the company of two officials of the AFL-CIO Committee on Political Education, paid the filing fee, and was listed as the only Democratic candidate for Congress in that district.

Ted Miller lost the election by 718 votes.

The facts are these. Miller, far from voting against the interests of

Drew Pearson

farmers, was credited by *Nation's Agriculture*, the magazine of the American Farm Bureau Federation, in October 1958, with a record of voting 100 per cent *for* farmers! As to Pearson's charge that certain persons and families had contributed heavily to Miller's campaign, an inspection of records filed with the Clerks of the House and Senate established that the contributions listed by Pearson in his October 31 article had been made to the Eisenhower-Nixon-Butler Maryland State Republican Committee, and it is doubtful whether Miller ever received more than a small fraction of the total funds contributed. As to Pearson's charge that Miller had introduced two bills for the benefit of two ship companies, the bills had first been introduced by Senator Butler; both bills had the complete approval of the Secretary of Commerce, the Secretary of the Navy, the Bureau of the Budget, and the AFL-CIO shipyard workers' unions. The bills were proposed at a time when thousands of Maryland shipyard workers were out of work and seeking relief, but Pearson in his article accused Miller of disregarding the "little fellow" while "long lines applying for relief stood outside the Salisbury, Maryland unemployment office last spring and winter."

The victorious Johnson gives credit for his election to the AFL-CIO Committee on Political Education. To thank Drew Pearson directly and publicly would have impaired that columnist's usefulness as a supposedly veracious observer.

For reprints of the article, "Full Moon for Drew Pearson," address Dept. R, National Review, 150 East 35 St., New York 16, N. Y. Price 15c each, 100 for $10.00.

Robert Morris, New Jersey

In the early months of this year Robert Morris was running in the Republican senatorial primary. Primary day was April 19. On April 18 Pearson's "Washington Merry-go-Round" appeared in a large number of New Jersey papers (and in three papers that do not ordinarily carry the column) with a slanderous attack against Morris. The attack referred to Canadian Ambassador Herbert Norman, who had committed suicide in Cairo in April 1957, after it became known that the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee was investigating his background. (Morris was counsel for the committee.) Pearson said, in part, that after Norman's suicide "a letter mailed from Canada was received by the post office in Washington addressed: 'Killer Morris, U.S. Senate.' Postal officials delivered it to Robert Morris, counsel for the Senate Internal Security Committee." The term "Killer Morris" became a widely-used and most damaging slogan in the campaign.

Morris lost the primary.

The facts are these: Herbert Norman was a member of Communist cells in New York and Massachusetts. No letter addressed to "Killer Morris" was ever delivered, either at the time of Norman's suicide or at any other time.

To Sum Up:

We here offer as a public service our warning to the voters. If, in any election this fall, a close contest shapes up between a candidate backed by Labor or bemused by Liberalism, and a candidate with a good record of anti-Communism; and if, shortly before the election, Drew Pearson publishes a damaging attack upon the conservative candidate; then, even though he mentions such evidence as actual witnesses, personal knowledge, and top secret documents—don't believe him.

LETTER FROM THE CONTINENT

(Continued from p. 241)

lead of the Pankow government in underwriting the *Friedensgrenze* (Peace Border). Bonn's peaceful refusal to acquiesce in the total loss of the Eastern territories is not an "awakening of militarism," but on the contrary, is dictated by an adherence to the principle of self-determination and the iron necessities of internal policies.

If Britain and France were to renounce those portions of the Potsdam Agreement which protect Germany's basic interests, the Soviet Union could some day resort to the dangerous maneuver of forcing Poland to disgorge at least some of her gains and offer these to a united pro-Communist Germany, and thus forge a new German nationalism—a revival of the "spirit of Rapallo" which led to the Stalin-Hitler pact. This, for the West, would be a calamity of the very first order and a just punishment for a spirit and attitude today so assiduously preached by the Beaverbrook press and the left-of-center *Le Monde*—primarily to please their truly *revanchiste* readers.

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Conversations in Courtship

EZRA POUND

Made from a literal rendering into Italian by Boris de Rachewiltz of an ancient Egyptian text, XXth dynasty, 1200-1169 B.C. or thereabouts.

He says:
Darling, you only, there is no duplicate,
More lovely than all other womanhood,
Luminous, perfect,
A star coming over the sky-line at new year,
a good year.
Splendid in colors
with allure in the eye's turn.
Her lips are enchantment,
her neck the right length
and her breasts a marvel;
Her hair lapislazuli in its glitter,
her arms more splendid than gold.
Her fingers make me see petals,
the lotus' are like that.
Her flanks are modelled as should be,
her legs beyond all other beauty.
Noble her walking
(vera incessu)
My heart would be a slave should she enfold me.

Every neck turns—that is her fault—
to look at her.
Fortune's who can utterly embrace her;
he would stand first among all young lovers.
Deo mi par esse
Every eye keeps following her
even after she has stepped out of range,
A single goddess,
uniquely.

She says:
His voice unquiets my heart
It's the voice's fault if I suffer.
My mother's neighbor!
But I can't go see him,
Ought she enrage me?

Mother:
Oh stop talking about that fellow,
the mere thought of him is revolting.

She:
I am made prisoner 'cause I love him.

Copyright 1960 by Ezra Pound. "Conversations in Courtship" will appear in the anthology, *From Confucius to Cummings*, to be published by New Directions next season.

Mother:
But he's a mere kid with no brains.

She:
So am I, I am just like him
and he don't know I want to put my arms round him.
THAT would make mama talk . . .
May the golden goddess make fate,
and make him my destiny.
Come to where I can see you.
My father and mother will then be happy
Because everyone likes to throw parties for you
And they would get to doing it too.

She says:
I wanted to come out here where it's lovely
and get some rest,
Now I meet Mehy in his carriage
with a gang of other young fellows,
How can I turn back?
Can I walk in front of him
as if it did not matter?
Oh, the river is the only way to get by
and I can't walk on the water.
My soul you are all in a muddle.
If I walk in front of him my secret will show,
I'll blurt out my secrets; say:
Yours!
And he will mention my name and
hand me over to just any one of them
who merely wants a good time.

She says:
My heart runs out if I think how I love him,
I can't just act like anyone else.
It, my heart, is all out of place
It won't let me choose a dress
or hide back of my fan.
I can't put on my eye make-up
or pick a perfume.
"Don't stop, come into the house."
That's what my heart said, one time,
And does, every time I think of my beloved.
Don't play the fool with me, oh heart,

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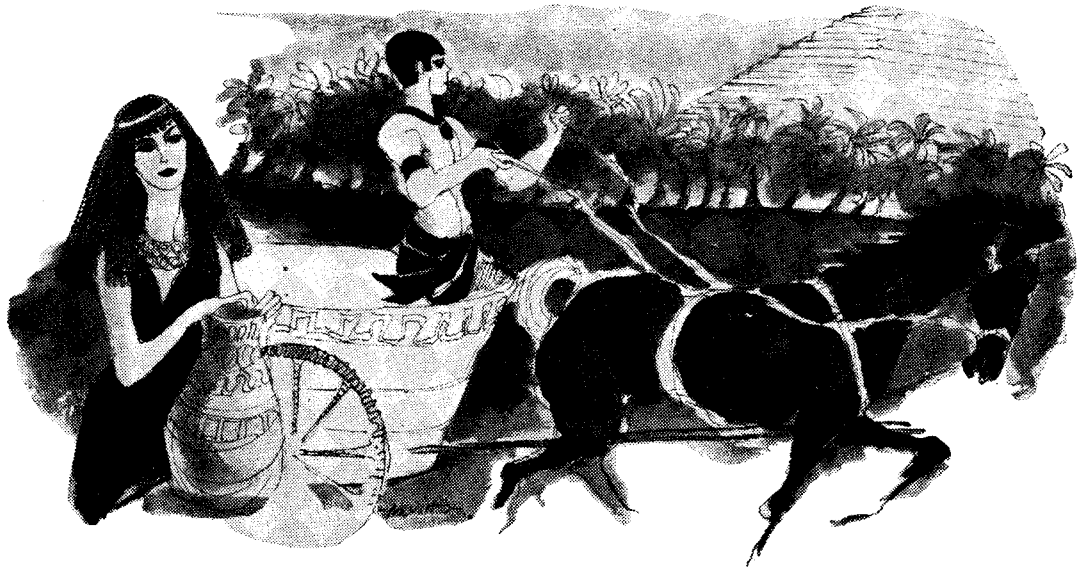
Why *are* you such an idiot?
Sit quiet! keep calm
and he'll come to you.
And my alertness won't let people say:
This girl is unhinged with love.
When you remember him
stand firm and be solid,
don't escape me.

He says:
I adore the gold-gleaming Goddess,
Hathor the dominant,
and I praise her.
I exalt the Lady of Heaven,
I give thanks to the Patron.
She hears my invocation
and has fated me to my lady,
Who has come here, herself, to find me.
What felicity came in with her!
I rise exultant
in hilarity
and triumph when I have said:
Now,
And behold her.
Look at it!
The young fellows fall at her feet.
Love is breathed into them.
I make vows to my Goddess,
because she has given me this girl for my own.
I have been praying three days,
calling her name.
For five days she has abandoned me.

She says:
I went to his house, and the door was open.
My beloved was at his ma's side
With brothers and sisters about him.
Everybody who passes has sympathy for him.
an excellent boy, none like him,
a friend of rare quality.
He looked at me when I passed
and my heart was in jubilee.
If my mother knew what I am thinking
she would go to him at once.
O Goddess of Golden Light,
put that thought into her,
Then I could visit him
And put my arms round him while people were looking
And not weep because of the crowd,
But would be glad that they knew it
and that you know me.
What a feast I would make to my Goddess,
My heart revolts at the thought of exit,
If I could see my darling tonight,
Dreaming is loveliness.

He says:
Yesterday. Seven days and I have not seen her.
My malady increases;
limbs heavy!
I know not myself any more.
High priest is no medicine, exorcism is useless:
a disease beyond recognition.
I said: She will make me live,
her name will rouse me,
Her messages are the life of my heart
coming and going.
My beloved is the best of medicine,
more than all pharmacopia.
My health is in her coming,
I shall be cured at the sight of her.
Let her open my eyes
and my limbs are alive again;
Let her speak and my strength returns.
Embracing her will drive out my malady.
Seven days and
she has abandoned me.



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From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

Park College and the Humane Scale

High upon the bluffs above the Missouri stands Park College, across the river from Kansas City. The old village of Parkville, and thousands of acres of woodland round the College, are an appropriate setting for this vigorous, venerable—for Missouri—and humane little Presbyterian institution. It is a healthy specimen of that uniquely American foundation, the small-town or rural liberal arts college, church-connected and tradition-governed.

At Park, the principal buildings, tall and massive stone halls, were erected by student labor over the generations. For Park, long dedicated to the Protestant ethic, has required since its beginning that all undergraduates, men and women, do some manual labor regularly on the campus. Only at one or two other colleges does this plan still endure, and it is weakening even at Park. In an age which is much afflicted with sentimental pity or admiration for The Workers, and which often prates vaguely of the Dignity of Labor, the actual relish for real work is dying away. "We must find our happiness in work, or not at all," says Irving Babbitt; and though physical labor is not the only form of work, it seems to me that as exercise and discipline and economy, to have students labor physically for their college was and is a good scheme. Ruskin would have approved it.

Your servant was present at Park College's commencement ceremonies, in June. Forty-one students received bachelor's degrees; the whole enrollment of the college is about two hundred and fifty, with some forty-five people on the faculty. High though the standards of Park are—or perhaps *because* there are standards at all—there have been years when Park has had trouble in finding applicants for admission: the average freshman in America nowadays does not care for work, physical or intellectual. But enrollment is growing now—in part, apparently, because Park College has been proclaiming itself frankly a Presbyterian foundation. (Most of this century, the majority of denominational colleges have been eager to dissociate themselves from their founding church, possibly because many tax-exempt foundations — following the lead of the Carnegie Foundation—decline to give grants to church-connected colleges. But the tide seems to be turning, so that parents and even students display some renewed awareness that a college has a right to be committed to something—even to religious truth.)

The commencement exercises at Park, preceded by a reception on the president's lawn, were dignified and leisurely; and the graduating seniors clearly took pride in their degrees. They had been part of a genuine community, a college still on the humane scale, as near an approximation as one can find—considering the ratio of professors and instructors to students at Park—to the academic ideal of Mark Hopkins on one end of a log, and a student on the other end. At Park the students still read books, and they ask sensible questions of visiting lecturers. The moral and intellectual disciplines of the traditional American college endure here.

Mass-Educated Sheep

But the average American student, nowadays, attends a very different sort of commencement ceremony. More than half of the national body of college and university students, in 1960, attends state institutions, shorn of any vestige of religious commitment, and usually geared to mass-production on a grand scale; while of the 45 per cent or so that still attend private colleges, many are enrolled in institutions that rival the state universities in size, and imitate their methods.

At the swollen state universities and colleges, June commencement is a ghastly chore to be executed as hastily as possible. I have seen commencements in which there were more than two thousand graduates. These crowded wretches hurry across the platform and snatch their diplomas from the perspiring president. Or rather, they snatch *some* diploma: then, once all the plums are handed out, the new bachelors of arts and sciences stumble about in the heat, trying to find in the begowned multitude the equally confused graduate who has *their* diploma in his fist. Even at what should be the event in their lives most significant intellectually, these young people are treated as if they were sheep. And sheep they will be throughout life, as things are going in most of our state institutions.

The indignity of a mass-commencement, you may say, is only a passing evil, at worst. But the commencement exercises are a symptom of what things happen when human institutions lose the humane scale. They are a symptom of what sort of instruction the student has received at these degree-mills: enormous classes, impersonal advisors, jammed cafeterias, gigantic dormitories, a faceless crowd of fellow students whose names no one knows. Such a university or college is dedicated to what Dr. Wilhelm Röpke calls "the cult of the colossal."

Well, there is little danger that the graduating seniors of Behemoth University will hear anything but platitudes from their commencement speaker: he is chosen because he knows his place in line, just as the students of Behemoth U., with their identity-cards and their business-machine grade-records, are expected to toe the mark. The platitudes uttered on commencement day may be Liberal platitudes, with solemn warnings against Conformity; but nothing nowadays is more platitudinous, and less intended to be taken seriously, than the nonconformist super-conformity of triumphant secular Liberalism.

So if you feel some distaste for the twentieth-century mass-man, I do advise you to send your son or your daughter to Park College, or to one of the hundred-odd sound old-style liberal arts colleges that still recognize ends in education. Such a college may treat your offspring as a person; while Behemoth U. will treat him as an ingot.

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What Khrushchev Knows

RICHARD WHALEN

The real question in this campaign is whether the United States has decided to win the Cold War, and if so, how. In *American Might and Soviet Myth* (Regnery, $3.95), Jameson G. Campaigne provides a foreign policy primer that every voter would do well to read before he approaches the booth or ballot box. Here is a reasoned and factual reply to the cant about this nation's "drift," its loss of "purpose" and its alleged slip from supremacy in the world. Mr. Campaigne, editor of the *Indianapolis Star*, details what Khrushchev knows: that the Soviet Union is inferior to the United States in every significant respect today, and that his greatest asset lies in the failure of the United States to exploit this power inequality.

Suppose, says Mr. Campaigne, that the tables were turned, and we were in the Soviets' position: "There would be more than 2,000 modern Soviet fighters, all better than ours, stationed at 250 bases in Mexico and the Caribbean. Overwhelming Russian naval power would always be within a few hundred miles of our coasts. Half of the population of the United States would be needed to work on farms just to feed the people." Add to this, deep unrest in the satellites ready to turn on their oppressor at the first shot; and Americans made uneasy by false counsel and Sputnik hysteria may grasp some of Khrushchev's nightmarish worries.

Yet he has the advantage of knowing his weaknesses so that he may artfully conceal them, while the U.S. does not understand its enormous strength. The foreign policy outlined by Mr. Campaigne would deny Khrushchev this advantage by casting aside the tangled underbrush of myth and getting back to the root principles that shaped our diplomacy until a generation ago. The fundamental flaw, says the author, is that U.S. foreign policy no longer reflects the authentic American character.

From the founding of the Republic until the eve of World War II, the U.S. (as Washington had advised) sought friendship with all nations, entangled alliances with none. Now the United States is deeply involved from Laos to West Berlin, and a party to a system of permanent alliances capped by the UN. In giving ourselves so unstintingly to the world, we have largely lost the power to define our own interests with reference to abiding principle, and to act upon them.

Out of sympathy for Western European allies, for example, the U.S. after World War II took an ambiguous stand on colonialism, and thereby encouraged the distrust of colonialists and natives alike. Even though they were ravening imperialists, argues the author, the Soviets seized the initiative and successfully posed as foes of imperialism. It is true that in Asia and Africa the United States inherited enmity without empire—but how well has the State Department's zeal for self-determination served us in such places as the seething Congo? Allies have often burdened the U. S., but Mr. Campaigne's point might be more strikingly illustrated by recalling, say, the attempt of Britain's Macmillan to force a "thaw" that later became a humiliating cold shoulder for President Eisenhower in Paris.

Along with confusion over whose interests the U.S. is actually serving goes official misunderstanding of where and how the Cold War is fought. The United States is committed to the belief that by feeding the hungry and uplifting the poor of backward lands, it is somehow combating Communism. Mr. Campaigne, in his devastating critique of foreign aid, puts the so-called "underdeveloped" countries in perspective and warns against wasting American money and effort on them while the civilized world is lost. He takes apart the big lie of the Soviet "economic offensive" and relates how propagandists for foreign aid programs flagrantly abet this fraud.

THE BEST and most enlightening chapters in this analysis of American folly deal with the UN. That soulless assembly is categorized by Mr. Campaigne in a way that precisely describes Khrushchev's recent use of it: "a forum for psychological aggression, and a center of intrigue where Communists trap those who dare oppose them." He recounts the tragedy of one who was entrapped, Povl Bang-Jensen, the UN official whose only "crime" was keeping faith with refugees from Communist tyranny. Almost alone among U.S. newspapers, the *Star* concerned itself with Bang-Jensen's abuse at the hands of a Communist-led lynching party which included a number of American dupes—ample proof of the thesis that the U.S. has strayed far from what it once upheld. Neither our allies nor the UN, says Mr. Campaigne, can assist the main purpose of American foreign policy, which "must be the preservation and strengthening of the U.S." But they can do much to hinder this purpose. To prevent that, he would have us recognize that "we cannot save the world alone. We can, however, save ourselves. And if we do that, perhaps the world can save itself, and we may help effectively toward that end."

This is a sane and attainable goal for American foreign policy, and one that means victory in the Cold War if we "wage freedom" as zealously as the Communists wage the cause of world slavery. Every possible economic, political and propaganda weapon should be used, as well as un-

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ilateral military intervention wherever the United States finds it necessary. The difference between such world-saving and the sort we are presently engaged in, says Mr. Campaigne, is that the United States would act out of its own interests, at times and places of its own choosing. The essential spark of such a foreign policy is determination, born of clear understanding of American strength and Soviet weakness.

Confession Without Substance

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

C. Day Lewis, who is usually mentioned with Auden and Spender as constituting a modern "school" of British poetry, moved briefly into and out of the Communist Party of Great Britain in the nineteen thirties. His autobiographical study, *The Buried Day* (Harper, $3.95), is a pleasant, somewhat casual contribution to the literature of what made Communists in a period in which nobody apparently bothered either to teach or to study the nature of man as a political animal. As a revelation of innocence *The Buried Day* might be said to constitute a comforting assurance that Cecil Day Lewis' precise pattern of political behavior will hardly be repeated in the near future. But if young English intellectuals no longer join the Communist Party these days, they still exhibit the same pristine innocence of the consequences of political behavior whenever they unite rhetorically to advocate unilateral scrapping of "the bomb" or to damn those McCarthyite Americans. Of this continuing inability to understand that rhetoric can be the most fatal of traps when it takes off from faulty analysis Mr. Day Lewis has nothing to say, which means that his book is not so comforting after all.

What made Cecil Day Lewis a Communist? Clinically reviewing his upbringing, he decides that his urge to join the Party derived from psychological needs that were totally unrelated to any understanding of Marxism, Leninism or Stalinism. Like nearly all his friends who became active in left-wing movements in the thirties, the young Day Lewis had had a special kind of education. He had been to public school (Wilkie's in London, Sherborne in Dorset) which had "traditions both of authoritarianism and of service to the community." His father was a clergyman (like the fathers of Rex Warner and MacNeice), and, as a lapsed Christian who still retained a hunger for faith, the searcher that was Day Lewis found it comforting to plug "the hollow in the breast where a God should be" by joining a sociological church. Then there was that urge to revolt against "the intolerable burden of selfhood," a rebellion which characterized an entire literary generation then in process of swinging away from the individualism of the twenties. Like Auden and Spender, Day Lewis wanted to be "committed," "engaged"—or, as he phrases it, "involved in the main stream of human experience."

All of these things combined to push him into the Party. But in due course he discovered himself thinking that, though he considered he was doing the "right thing," he was "the wrong person to be doing it." Communist discipline got in the way of his poetry, his need of quiet, and his latent heritage of "romantic humanism." He did not publicly renounce Communism; he merely "slipped the painter" by moving, with his wife and sons, to a rural retreat in Devon, where his personal troubles combined with the "irresponsibility" of the Munich period to break up his marriage and to lay the basis for a new Day Lewis who managed to live without seeking a political substitute for a religious faith.

The Buried Day is written without pretentiousness or any sort of cant. With his poet's sensibility, Cecil Day Lewis mints a fresh new world in his evocations of scene, whether he is writing about "the long summers" of the Ireland where he spent his earliest vacations; or about Nottinghamshire colliery country, where his father was vicar of a parish; or about the West Country where he went to school and later retired from the round of Party work which was keeping him from functioning as any artist must function to feel happy. In combing over his past Mr. Day Lewis makes a stab or two at understanding what the death of his mother when he was aged four must have done to deflect the normal flowering of his personality. He also tries to understand the "long acrimony of adoles-

Books of Interest

Congress and the American Tradition, by James Burnham (Regnery, $6.50). The first masterly consideration of the role of Congress since Woodrow Wilson's *Congressional Government.*

Thomas Wolfe, by Elizabeth Nowell (Doubleday, $5.95). A painstaking, thickly detailed biography that manages to make a kind of order of Wolfe's thirty-seven-year journey home.

The Intellectual: A Controversial Portrait, edited by George B. de Huszar (Free Press, $7.50). Sixty-eight essays, by everyone from Eliot to Stalin, Dostoievski to Mencken, about the nature and function of the intellectual, the idea broker, the man who makes and breaks but can never quite belong to his society.

Mrs. Fitzherbert, by Anita Leslie (Scribner's, $5). Strictly for those who like their biographies of the English One-Cannot-But-Admire School (no Lytton Strachey, Miss Leslie), but full of interesting material about the Catholic charmer who kept England wondering for several decades whether she had or hadn't married George IV.

Operation Noah, by Charles Lacus (Coward-McCann, $4). About a project under way now, as the water rises behind the Kariba Dam in Africa: the rescue of aardvarks, warthogs, snakes, and some rather more attractive creatures.

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cence" when he broke, psychologically, with his clergyman father. In the case of his hunger for a mother Mr. Day Lewis can only surmise that he might have felt more secure as an adolescent if he had had "two parents." As for his relations with his father, his need to stand on his own feet as he was growing into manhood seems very normal. The only mystery is why Cecil Day Lewis should consider his case to be unique.

The Buried Day differs from most memoirs of its type in its refusal to set down anything which might hurt people who are still alive. Thus we do not get the whole truth about the break-up of a marriage, or about a period of confessed belated "wild-oat sowing" that took place in Mr. Day Lewis' mid-thirties. Well, these are personal matters, and no one will contest his right to reticence about his own personal affairs. One wishes, however, that he had given a little more of the substance of pre-World-War-II English literary Communism. A political confession, to be of real value, must be something more than bare generality.

Fiction Chronicle

'That's Exactly How It Is'

JOAN DIDION

MARY MCCARTHY observed not long ago that it is possible to learn from *Anna Karenina* a recipe for strawberry jam. It is possible to learn from *Appointment in Samarra* not only the details of a method of suicide but the name of a good hatter (Julian English wore none but Herbert Johnson hats); it is possible to learn from Miss McCarthy's own stories any number of useful and interesting things, such as how to get free lemonade in an Automat, or why it is unwise to go about on trains with safety pins in one's underwear. Interesting fiction is always characterized by absolute accuracy of detail; there is an incalculable pleasure in exclaiming to oneself, *That's exactly how it is, he's got it down right.*

To read Anthony West's *The Trend Is Up* (Random House, $4.95), on the other hand, is to exclaim, at one page and then the next, *That's exactly where he got it, he read it somewhere.* A novel so foggily derivative as to make quoting from it seem a possible infringement of somebody else's copyright, *The Trend Is Up* is Mr. West's somewhat belated (but then he's English) bid in the What's-Wrong-With-the-American-Dream Game, still played by many, although Scott Fitzgerald raked in all the chips and went home in 1925 after his straight flush, *The Great Gatsby.* The protagonist of *The Trend Is Up* is Gavin Hatfield, a scion of a declining Brahmin family who decides on page five to make a million dollars before he's thirty. You could probably rough in the plot from there, but I have fun doing it, and wish you'd bear with me. Mr. West is under the impression that this kind of thing (making money) Isn't Done around Boston, and he whisks Gavin down to a Florida boom town where —although it is difficult to see exactly how, since Gavin is nobody's Howard Hughes—he makes his million and more. If you expect nothing more than a Marquandian flashback here (not that you won't get one), you underrate Mr. West, who hasn't been reviewing books for the *New Yorker* all these years for nothing. Gavin dreams back to some crypto-Newburyport tennis games, all right, but things are afoot right there on the west coast of Florida. It seems that Ilona, Gavin's wife, has shaped up into one of those ladies who drinks in the afternoon and gets migraine. (You know the type. She tangles with Paul Newman when they make the movie, but we're left for the moment with the book.) Gavin refers to Ilona as "the rotten spot at the center of my life"; Ilona resents Gavin's sleeping with the governess (as do the children) and things look generally less than promising. I scarcely need tell you that none of this would have happened if Gavin hadn't made so much money.

Before long, Gavin's daughter has gone and married a gentleman not entirely white, and his son has gotten mad and gone off to make his own million, a move which both he and Mr. West seem to think will serve Gavin right. Meanwhile, Ilona has run away from home, and is last seen in a tent near Istanbul with a Lesbian, one of the novel's more inventive turns. (She disappeared one night while Gavin, believe it or not, was curled up reading John Kenneth Galbraith, which should be a lesson for all of us.) Poor Gavin, who doesn't know that the cards have been stacked against him since page five, is left wondering what went wrong. You guess.

IF *The Trend Is Up* seems the product of an almost superhuman misapprehension of Scott Fitzgerald, William Faulkner, Ernest Hemingway, John O'Hara, Sinclair Lewis, early Arthur Miller, late Tennessee Williams, and the best of Simone de Beauvoir, *The Child Buyer* (Knopf, $4.00), John Hersey's new novel, seems the product of nothing much more than several months spent closeted with the *Saturday Review.*

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Like the minds which make up that magazine's front-of-the-book, think-piece ammunition, Mr. Hersey is forever Deploring the Condition (it's Madison Avenue one week, big Detroit cars the next) Which Cripples Us.

In *The Child Buyer,* an Organization Man tries to buy, for the Organization's crash defense program (based on brainwashing, natch), a ten-year-old genius. That there is a good deal of talk about Ends Justifying Means should, I think, give you the lay of Mr. Hersey's land. A man who writes as if he had just caught his little readers refusing to share their chocolate bars, he presents in this latest of his instructive fables what the jacket calls "a case for individuality, freedom of thought, integrity, faith in the young, and, above all, a better understanding of human needs in a darkling world." Although Mr. Hersey may seem a curious choice to be presenting a case for "individuality," you'd have to be a pretty recalcitrant little reader to quarrel with a book that comes out foursquare for "integrity," and I clearly will not be in line for the Good Citizenship Award this year, yearning as I do to read not about Integrity and Better Understanding but about strawberry jam, safety pins, and Herbert Johnson hats.

Unlike either Mr. Hersey or Mr. West, Edward Loomis (*Heroic Love,* Knopf, $3.75) is a writer who should be doing exactly that. Writing. I do not mean simply that his sentences sound right, although they do; each is tuned, no common thing. Nor do I mean that he is inflexibly successful; of the four short novels and one story in *Heroic Love,* only one, the title piece, seemed to me totally undeceived, no-messing-around right. I mean rather that Mr. Loomis is apt to perceive correctly all the nuances of a situation, and to bother about exploring them. That one short novel, "Heroic Love," has no wrong notes at all.

It tells about something that happened, years ago, in one of those small, isolated California towns near the Nevada line. It concerns a woman, Rose, and three men: her husband, twenty years older than she; her younger lover, who tells the story; and Orville Ledyard, a young cowboy who is reading for the law, more or less at random, as men did in the West until not very long ago. Like Adam before the Fall, Orville Ledyard is a man of unlimited promise, a man not yet stained ("He was that rarity, a lucky man, born to health and vigor, born with the gifts of the mind, and trained young to respect his sense of what was right; which was a good, reasonably strong sense, about as sturdy as a young man has a right to expect.") What happens to Orville is simple enough: Rose presses the apple upon him, and he becomes as stained as other men.

Now this is an old story, a tale of mortality. Because it is an old story, we are free to explore its back routes, its devious turns, and still to hold our breath and close our eyes in anticipation of the familiar, inevitable end. Mr. Loomis' style, meditative, allusive, rather literary, and not really suited to straight descriptive narrative (which may be the weakness in the other, more narrative, pieces in this book), is completely right for the retelling of a legend, for lending epic dimensions to something that happened. I liked reading about Orville lying drunk, his Stetson over his face, on the bed in which he has been conceived and born ("a big plain bed of dark-stained walnut, it was, an heirloom from Missouri . . . hardly the place to speak about a man who was sick for love"); I liked reading about Rose, lying alone in the living room of her husband's house, naked except for a red paper rose in her hair. It is possible to imagine that bed of Orville's, to almost trace with one's fingers the grape pattern on the headboard; it is possible to imagine Rose perhaps taking that paper flower from the wrappings of a present sent from a Reno store, at once laughing at herself and happy with herself while the snow falls outside on the board sidewalks of that little town in the Sierra Nevada. It is possible to exclaim *That's exactly how it is, he's got it down right.*

Uncommon Common Sense

FREDERICK D. WILHELMSEN

Love is a subject that calls forth eloquence from the poet and profundity from the philosopher, but what love almost never gets from anybody is good common sense. And during those rare moments when we do talk common sense about love we are always talking about somebody else's love, a love of which we invariably disapprove. C. S. Lewis in his *The Four Loves* (Harcourt, $3.75) has done something extremely difficult: he has treated love lovingly within the context not only of Christian sanity but of Christian shrewdness. There is something canny—in the old-fashioned sense of the term—in the way in which Lewis handles the Divine Fire without getting burned. Sweeping away the cynics who deprecate the divine character of human love, Lewis locates love's power and glory *and danger* precisely within its divinity. As a divinity, love is a possible rival to God, and lovers all too often convert St. John's proposition that "God is love" into "Love is God." Love is god-like and therefore can ennoble; but since it is only god-like and not God it can debase and cripple the human heart.

Beginning his study with the humblest kind of love, love for the sub-human, the author has some fine things to say about our inability to derive our love of God from our love of the world. What we get from the world of nature is "an iconography, a language of images," which can light up for us the darkness in which we stumble when we speak of the love and the fear of God. Thus the Christian seaman can sense the littleness of man and the omnipotence of God in a storm, but a man seeking the gods behind God might find in it a proof of the littleness of man and of the absurdity of human existence. We largely bring to nature what we already hold within our hearts. This book is a fine answer to much of the folly written about nature in the last century.

My most serious objection to the early parts of this study is to Lewis' propensity to locate love of country,

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patriotism, on a "sub-human" level. But has not love of country about it something that belongs to the love we owe our friends? Has not nature been so humanized by the hand of man (as in France) that, looking out upon a landscape that has been turned over by generations, we are well justified in concluding that we are part of a society larger than that of the living and that man himself has made a pact with the things that are his own and that to this pact he gave the name patriotism, which is another word for history within Western civilization? Lewis denies the martyr's death to the hero; but a nation can stand for the Things of God, and a soldier dying in its cause dies a death that participates in the glory of martyrdom. Such a love and such a sacrifice belong fully to the love man has for God; and if patriotism can sometimes be used to justify the grossest abuses, it has often served the highest of causes, thus doing the business of God. All history is *historia sacra.* Lewis speaks of the West's need to confess its sins and I suppose he is right in a sense, but I prefer the sentiment of Hilaire Belloc who once wrote that "God made us Christians and in return we gave Him Christendom."

But my strictures against the book dissolve when Lewis moves into his treatment of friendship, a kind of love deprecated by the moderns on pseudo-Freudian grounds. The author maintains that friendship is the most non-natural kind of love in that it is not grounded in an "I-Thou" ecstasy but in a common allegiance to a *subject,* to a thing. Lewis, like Chesterton before him, has spotted woman as the enemy of friendship but possibly Chesterton understood better why this must be so. The common union in a thing, in a subject, can alienate man from the hearth and from the person-to-person union symbolized thereby. The woman, defender of the household virtues, has been wise to see in the easy comradeship of men a threat to both home and family.

Lewis sharply divides friendship from *eros* and he makes a still further distinction, one of the wisest in the book, between *eros* and Venus. Had the distinction been made earlier in this century by writers about love, the world would have been spared much nonsense. The specific sexuality of Venus, while often wrapped within *eros,* has nothing essentially to do with the latter, which is an ecstatic surrender to a person, a surrender often analogous to an aesthetic contemplation. Within *eros,* the lover is fulfilled simply because the beloved *is.*

Eros shades into Charity when we begin to love the unlovable, when we begin to fill up what is lacking in the other. This is the love of God for man, and grace is our participation in this Love. The reflections of Lewis here parallel, although do not identify themselves with, the remarkable study made a number of years ago by the Spanish philosopher, Xavier Zubiri, who rooted *eros* and *agape* in a common ecstasy, a state of being "outside-of-one's-self"; but who divided them in that *eros* places me outside of myself for the sake of my own perfection, whereas *agape* does so for the sake of the perfection of the beloved. Both these states are one with existence itself as it comes forth from God, Who is the purity of *Agape,* "The Land of the Trinity."

The Passing Scene

Unreviewed Movies

FRANCIS RUSSELL

THERE ARE the films that are never reviewed, that no one has ever seen or heard of except the customers of the dingy back-street movie houses. I remember just before World War II the colored westerns I saw in New Orleans. But for the duskiness of the cowboys they were just like the white westerns, set in the unalterable canyon country with the same unalterable plot. There was the familiar Bar-X Ranch complete with sheriff, good guys, bad guys, heroine in

crinolines, and then the final ominous walkdown where the guns blaze and the hero plugs the suede-shoed villain—everything the same except that all the actors were Negroes.

Such variations on a national myth were never as bizarre, however, as the American films I would sometimes see in Grenoble with dubbed-in French. To watch the climax of a walkdown where villain and hero call each other out in the argot of Marseilles was to reach the limits. These revamped westerns always seemed to have their cowboys speak with a Midi accent. Even stranger to the ear was a Laurel and Hardy picture I once saw in Berlin in which the voices were not dubbed but the two comedians actually spoke German, their astonishing accents making the film even funnier. I suppose the director must have made a regular film in English and shot a second German version of each scene as he went along. What the English version was called I still do not know, but the title of the German was *Hinter Schloss und Riegel (Behind Lock and Bar).*

The Star Theater in Boston's Scollay Square used to run uninterruptedly night and day all the year round, showing nothing but old westerns and Tarzan pictures. I believe it still runs under another name. Before World War II a "wino" who could panhandle half a dollar could get a bottle of bay rum from the barbershop around the corner for thirty-five cents and for the rest of his money enjoy a warm hibernation at the Star. Inside it had the ammoniacal smell of a neglected stable. At one a.m. the management closed down for twenty minutes to see if anyone

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had died there in the last twenty-four hours.

Around the corner was the Old Howard where the strip-tease originated and where films were merely interludes to fill the void between strippers. As on late TV, any old film would do. The zoot-suiters, however, used to hang out at the other end of the city on lower Washington Street. Dozens of seedy picture houses shuffled in there among cut-rate drugstores, barrooms, and radio and furniture stores, enticed the prurient by the promise of the front posters. High School Orgies Exposed! Passion Parties! Girls Who Gave All! Sins of the Children! These were not so much B as Z pictures. Actually, the product was much milder than the posters, salacious only to the degree that "words" in the dictionary are so to assiduous adolescents. The plots were difficult to follow because they were based mostly on non-sequiturs. Dance, car, doctor's waiting room. One gathered that the girl was in trouble, in spite of the badness of the photography, but the hows and the whys were left out. The key-line was always spoken in the last reel by an anonymous doctor, grey-haired and distinguished, the one who later made his mark in the army sex-hygiene films. "I'd like to get my hands on the man who butchered that girl!" he would exclaim bitterly.

Such Z films are no longer made. At least I have been unable to discover them on the lower reaches of Washington Street. Rising costs and the more high-powered sexuality of the B films seem to have done them in. There are still the nondescript theaters—though the stables have gone—conveniently located near the penny arcades where the girls in the drainpipes and the boys with the d.a. haircuts while away the school hours. Tarzan is still a staple, but Brigitte Bardot in reruns has supplanted the moralizing doctors. The billboard enticements remain the same as when I first explored the area twenty years ago.

Naked Holiday was the film I settled for, a documentary of sorts about the nudist camps. In the last few years the film industry has broken the breast barrier, but this was a major breakthrough. Never have so many female protuberances been photographed so closely and in such mammalian detail. For those who need a plot to keep abreast of things, the story revolves about two nubile New York secretaries who lack enough money to buy a wardrobe for their summer vacation and settle the matter by going to a nudist camp.

The girls of course sign up after a few twinges of maiden modesty, arrive at the camp and amble round in the buff with dozens of others for the two best weeks of their lives. We are told by the secretary that nudism is twentieth-century Americanism, that it attracts people from all walks of life, that it is only compulsory in the swimming pool, that there is an interfaith chapel at the camp, that at evening dances and when it gets cold they put on clothes, and that in fact we were all born nude and might as well face up to it.

Unfortunately, the Phrynes are few and gravity is everywhere. I should say from an hour's inspection of more assorted bosoms than I had ever expected to see that the principal argument against nudism is esthetic. With its rolls of fat and dips of flesh *Naked Holiday* could be well shown in a monastery as an antidote to the old Adam. Plato's idea was a good one, to make us go nude so that we would take more pains to keep our bodies shapely and in condition. But Platonism in the nudist camps seems to have gone flabby. After a while I began to feel seasick. The blue denims and their girls were huddled together sitting it out when I left, no doubt just warming up for the penny arcades.

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

MARK IT AND STRIKE IT, An Autobiography, by Steve Allen (Holt, $4.95). An honest man fallen among thieves, Steve Allen demonstrates inadvertently but with crystal clarity how the arid categories of contemporary thought can lead the eager but unwary seeker astray. His highly commendable urgency to lift his life above the dead level of the entertainment world and find a satisfying rationale for himself is mirrored in page after page of the book. Alas that so much good will and intellectual striving should come to rest in mental-health programs and the Sane Nuclear Policy Committee . . . F. S. MEYER

BERENSON, A BIOGRAPHY, by Sylvia Sprigge (Houghton, $5.00). The art critic's journalist-biographer excuses his grasping ambition and ingratitude by pointing to the achievement of a life totally disciplined to the experience of beauty.

(Continued on p. 258)

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To the Editor

Nixon—or Nix on Nixon?

It is absolutely suicidal for conservatives deliberately to aid Kennedy's cause on election day by refusing to vote for Nixon. At this critical juncture, the country simply cannot afford four years of Reuther, Bowles, Stevenson, Keyserling, Acheson, Schlesinger, Kennan, Galbraith and Soapy Williams. If Kennedy makes it we shall find that during the next four years the following events will have taken place:

1) Red China recognized by the United States; 2) Red China admitted to the United Nations; 3) Formosa neutralized; 4) Berlin "negotiated" into slavery. . . .

It is of interest to note that in the September 10 issue of *The People's World* (Communist mouthpiece on the West Coast) appears the statement on the editorial page that all good "progressives" should "work and vote for Kennedy because he is the weaker of the two capitalist candidates."

San Marino, Cal. TIM TERRY

At the risk of being called impetuous, conscious of the possibility that some will label me hot-headed and even reckless, I suggest that conservatives who will vote for Mr. Nixon and Mr. Lodge must also believe in a variety of good fairies.

St. Petersburg, Fla. ROBERT J. NEEDLES, M.D.

In calling for cessation of all campaign oratory that might give Khrushchev the impression that America is weak or disunited, Vice President Nixon is indulging in one of his oldest and cleverest gambits. It has long been Mr. Nixon's custom to smother any effort at legitimate criticism (*e.g.*, of the Soviet space lead revealed by Sputnik I, or the insane invitation to Khrushchev to visit America last year) by calling sharply on all hands to unite behind President Eisenhower — implying that anyone who fails to shut up and fall in line is unpatriotically hampering the nation's cold war effort.

This may be an appropriate rejoinder to leftist critics of the Administration, who are themselves deeply vulnerable to the charge of underestimating the Soviet menace; but it is wildly inapplicable to critics whose contention is precisely that Messrs. Eisenhower and Nixon are not doing enough. Such criticism can hardly comfort Khrushchev or injure America, and Mr. Nixon is just being cute when he suggests that it will.

Woodstock, Vt. GEORGE K. ROBINSON

Can we afford Kennedy in 1960 and the platform that would do away with even the "Right-to-Work"? I don't believe any conservative can afford to stay home this year! The Democrats want to remove even the literacy test for voters, and that would open the door to more "welfarism" than we've yet heard of. Nixon is a bulwark, at the least. . . .

Also, Goldwater's book is selling so fabulously that it is raising and training new conservatives. If you don't believe it, I am one of them, and I know others in New York State. . . . It has been necessary to explain conservatism to those who never knew anything but the New Deal; and he is reaching some of us. For heaven's sake, conservatives, don't stay home *now!*

New York City NANCY B. JOHNSON

Somewhat more than one hundred million people are eligible to vote. Approximately forty million fail to do so. If Goldwater is right and one quarter of these non-voters can be brought to the polls in November, the Republican Party can win with the biggest landslide in the popular vote that has been seen in many years. . . .

If, in addition, 10 per cent of those who vote for them will write Nixon and Lodge telling them they did so because Goldwater convinced them that was the only possible course and that they stand squarely behind Goldwater's *Conscience of a Conservative*, it would really be effective.

Santa Fe, N.M. WILLIAM CHAUVENET

Has it occurred to anyone that the exceptionally low proportion of qualified voters who bother to vote in this country (not much over 60 per cent even in Presidential years, as compared to 80 per cent and even 90

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per cent in many other democratic nations) is a blunt commentary on our highly-touted two-party system?

Multi-party systems have their drawbacks, no doubt, but they undeniably increase the significance of the prized "right to vote." In America today, where a voter is all but horsewhipped for refusing to climb into the Procrustean bed so cozily shared by Nixon and Kennedy, our "choice" is scarcely wider than that offered to Russian *muzhiks* by the Great Khan in Moscow.

Hackensack, N.J. H. L. POTTER

I hope it will be known in the country that Southern opposition to Kennedy is not nearly so completely a matter of religious bigotry (or racial prejudice) as some "war correspondents" from the North would have people believe. Mr. Eisenhower seemed to do rather well without the issue of religion; he carried Jefferson (Birmingham), Montgomery and Mobile counties in this state.

It is simply that an increasing number of Southern as well as non-Southern Americans realize that if Kennedy wins, it's Katy bar the door; for it's rather clear that Kennedy's sixties would make Roosevelt's thirties look like McKinley's nineties....

In other words, it's not so much Kennedy's Catholicism as it is, rather, Goldwater's conservatism. Indeed the real new frontier may be the South, and Goldwater may win it.

JAMES J. BAUMGARTNER
Mountain Brook, Ala.

A Law-less Court

A. T. Bristow, in his letter on "A Court Without Law" (September 24), stopped somewhat short of the target when he said that "in time, of course, a body of precedent will develop" in the World Court.

A body of precedent can hardly develop in view of Article 59 of the Statute of the International Court of Justice, which states that "the decision of the Court has no binding force except between the parties and in respect of that particular case."

Houston, Texas R. H. KELLEY

A Problem for Conservatives

A valid criticism of the conservative is that there is not enough argument put forth on the obligations of our managerial society. In prior times there was a complete absence of concern over adequate wages and the obligations of those in power to their workers—contributing to the rise of Liberalism. So it is argued our conservative movement does not concern itself today with the inadequately paid employees in [various] industries. . . .

What about it—are we afraid to speak on these issues? Are the small men the pawns of the law of supply and demand? . . .

How about NATIONAL REVIEW making this a part of the battle? Without the demand for adequate treatment of workers being *constantly* stressed, we shall be continually challenged as being solely the vehicle for the return to power of a small wealthy few and the reinstitution of prior inequities.

Oyster Bay, N. Y. WARREN W. DROMM

Church and State

To concede to Dr. Peale, as you do ("A Little Positive Thought for Norman Peale," September 24) without further qualification, that Pius IX "opposed the separation of church and state" is an oversimplification resulting, probably, from a misreading of proposition fifty-five of the Syllabus of Errors.

The proposition condemned by Pius IX was not that church and state *may* be separated but that they *must* be (*i.e.*, everywhere and always), which is quite another thing. Even you, I think, would deny that I *must* read NATIONAL REVIEW. But that's hardly the same as opposing my reading it.

Minneapolis, Minn. H. J. FREEMAN

What Do We Fear?

There is . . . the prospect that Western civilization will, in cowardice and terror, capitulate to atheistic, materialistic Communism because of the dread of nuclear holocaust. Yet, on every hand we see evidence and even have the Communists' own word for it (which in this case would seem to be reliable) that theirs is a godless society which has freed itself from the opium of religion and abolished the belief in the immortality of man's soul in the after-life. . . .

In the event of war, who then has the most to lose; we or they? Who is possessed of the greater fear of death, the atheistic materialists or the humanists and religious idealists? Why then do we quail before bluster, blackmail and bombmanship? Those of us who have been raised in the Judaic-Christian tradition have little

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to lose and much to gain by death. The Communists, without hope, lose all when they lose life itself.

In *Darkness at Noon*, Arthur Koestler makes it very clear that for a Communist every minute and every second is precious because life itself is the ultimate reality. . . .

For what then do we fear?

Intermountain School
Brigham City, Utah C. STEWART MUNZ

Strange Adventures

I consider it eminently fair of you to turn your searchlight on the strange adventures of William Schlamm in what is called the *Bundesrepublic* ("The Phenomenon of Willi Schlamm," by E. v. Kuehnelt-Leddihn, September 24). As an occasional visitor there, let me tell you that your article is very well conceived and your correspondent well informed. . . .

New York City PETER FLINSPACH

Some New Frontiers, c. 1945

The "New Frontier" slogan should certainly call at once to the Republican or conservative mind, the New Frontier, vast and expanded, that the last Democratic President helped give to Communism in Europe at the Potsdam conference of 1945, the New Frontier that we now call the Iron Curtain. And this catchword should stimulate Republican minds enough to make them remind their audiences that the great, expanded New Frontier of the Communists in Asia, the New Frontier called the Bamboo Curtain, was the reckless work of the last Democratic President and his aides. . . .

New Rochelle, N.Y. PETER LERSCH

The Population Explosion

Mr. Frederick J. Walker's criticism ("To the Editor," Oct. 7) of the "population explosion" study summarized by James Burnham (August 27) was submitted to the original author, who comments as follows:

Oddly, Mr. Walker mentions precisely those events — release of atomic energy, two world wars, exploration of space, Bolshevik revolutions — noted in the opening paragraphs of my paper. Perhaps Mr. Walker would concede that, if it is demonstrated that accelerating population change was the major factor in those very events, then it may well be the case that population change is important. (The scientific developments came,

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of course, in the context of the war.)

At the time Malthus wrote, population change was beginning to be regarded as serious, although up to that time the highest rate of increase ever achieved was ½ of 1 per cent. When Hegel proclaimed the advance of the masses, some time after Malthus, the rate was still ½ or 1 per cent at the highest, and the world was relatively open for those who wanted to migrate. Today there are dozens of countries with higher than Malthusian (2.85 per cent) rates. Middle America as a whole has reached 2.7 per cent, and a remarkable degree of political instability.

The case of Japan is extreme. The most literate society on earth, culturally the most unified, and—like the crowded people they are— perhaps the most courteous, Japan has nevertheless taken the most severe measures in history to curb population growth: voluntary, not compulsory measures. The Japanese are now one of the leading scientific communities in the world, and have been a leading industrial nation for years. Unlike the District of Columbia, Japan does have to grow most of its own food, and her people have the technical skill and the resources to achieve the world's highest rice yields —3,600 pounds per acre as compared to India's 900. Japan also uses four times as much nitrogen per capita as the United States.

Mr. Walker has quite missed the point in his fourth objection—about the severe shift in the nature of U.S. investment over the last decade. Outlay on producers' durables has remained steady for the years—about $22 billion (1954 dollars) — while federal, state and local outlay has doubled, and residential construction and consumers' durables have each increased 60 per cent. This shift in the composition of domestic investment has been the principal factor in our currently troublesome balance of payments situation, dramatized by the gold drain. Since World War II, the U.S. has lost the once preponderant power it possessed in the world economy—and much prestige along with it.

Does Mr. Walker think, as he suggests, that our foreign aid program has really solved anything? India has become hopelessly dependent on imported food, as have other nations; the balance of payments problem is permanently installed as a major

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threat to the government, as it is in dozens of other countries. The U.S. is going about picking up these checks; if we did not there would be riots in hundreds of cities all over the earth over a little matter of food. Food output has gone up 50 per cent in the last two decades, mostly in North America; population has also gone up 50 per cent, mostly in Asia. Let Mr. Walker draw the necessary inference.

Compulsory controls are certainly objectionable, but they are not needed. Awareness will bring voluntary restraint, if the methods and resources are available. In the meantime, with increased crowding and hunger, conflict is growing over a third of the globe—a situation the USSR was created to exploit. Mr. Walker should do some homework on Soviet conflict theory.

Religion in America

Congratulations on your clear, incisive analyses of the function of religion in our American democracy. . . .

It is encouraging to know that there are still some intellectuals left that prefer to spell God rather than their own name in upper case.

Los Angeles, Cal. ROBERT DUFF KELLY

Ezra Pound Misquoted

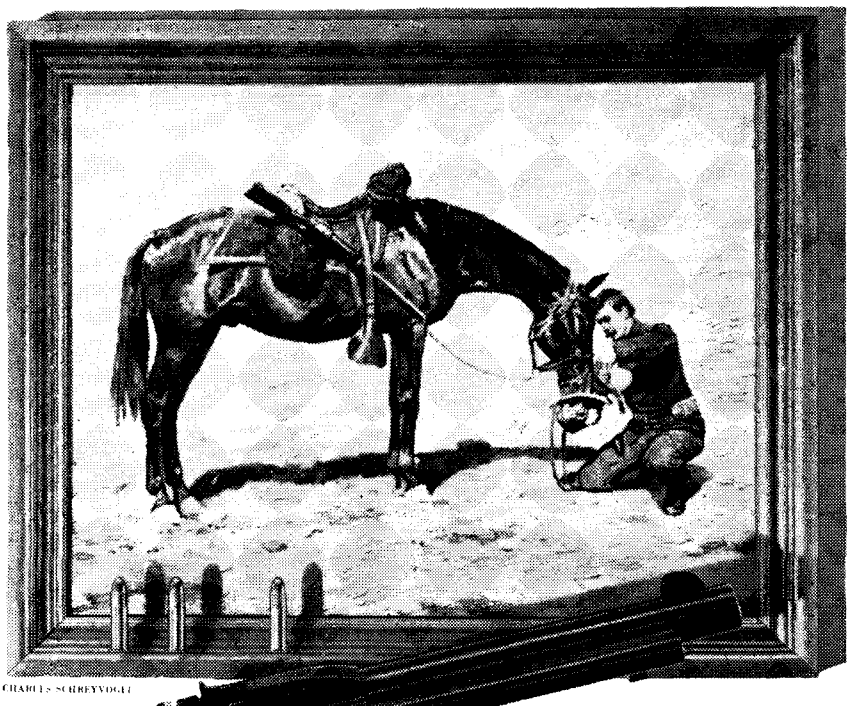
I was appalled to find Mr. Stephen J. Tonsor, reviewing Benn ("The Sky's A-Going to Fall," Sept. 24) launching a paragraph as follows: "'Pull down, I say, Pull Down!' shouts Ezra Pound; but the nihilists of this century are not really equal to the task of demolition. . . ."

I had always supposed your reviewers to be equal to the task of accurate quotation.

Pull down thy vanity
  How mean thy hates
Fostered in falsity,
  Pull down thy vanity,
Rathe to destroy, niggard in charity,
Pull down thy vanity,
  I say pull down.

To bracket the author of *that* with the nihilists; to display an ear on which the ring and significance of that crucial "vanity" has been lost; to so mangle the key statement of the noblest single passage of verse achieved in our generation: for Mr. Tonsor to have been capable at a stroke of all this expands, to put it mildly, one's sense of the possible.

Santa Barbara, Cal. HUGH KENNER



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Mary Lou: See you at the National Review dinner. That is the one place Nina and Tony will not interrupt us. But be early this time. Hubert.

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

(Continued from p. 252)

But it is precisely in his aesthetic work, and not in his petty ambition or snobbishness, that the profound failure of Berenson lies. It is not good to live with such composed serenity under the constant exposure to man's creative search for himself. Ruskin, haunted by the meanings that move in color and form as by an inescapable music, lived in the center of that storm which Berenson observed sharply and over long periods, but from a point removed, too conveniently situated, too safe. Toward the end, he came, like Toscanini, to consider himself the one real work of art he was meant to hold up to the world's approbation. G. WILLS

TAKEN AT THE FLOOD: The Story of Albert D. Lasker, by John Gunther (Harper, $5.00). The law of simultaneous invention applies to arts, trades and trivialities, as well as to science. If Joyce had never lived somebody else would have given us the stream-of-consciousness, no-holds-barred works. At the other end of the spectrum, if Elvis Presley had never been there would still be the odd noises about. So too, if Albert Lasker had never lived people would nevertheless be smoking too many brand-name cigarettes and enjoying them less, and brushing the tar off their teeth with some equivalent of the Lasker-invented irium. Yet for better or worse Albert Lasker was the father-founder of modern advertising, the giant in whose footsteps the ulcer-boys have followed. Lasker was a type born to succeed under any form of modern government. Tremendous energy and an inventive, shallow mind—an unbeatable combination. Rolling money in, later in life he became a collector of modern art; he engaged in many good causes (see index); he was married two and a half times and he invented radio commercials. He once owned the Chicago Cubs, and in Harding's Administration was Chairman of the Shipping Board. Take away the dollar sign from his life and there wouldn't have been much left. Yet even posthumously he's managed to get the top copywriter.

F. RUSSELL

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★

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There are those who believe that the welfare state results in social betterment.

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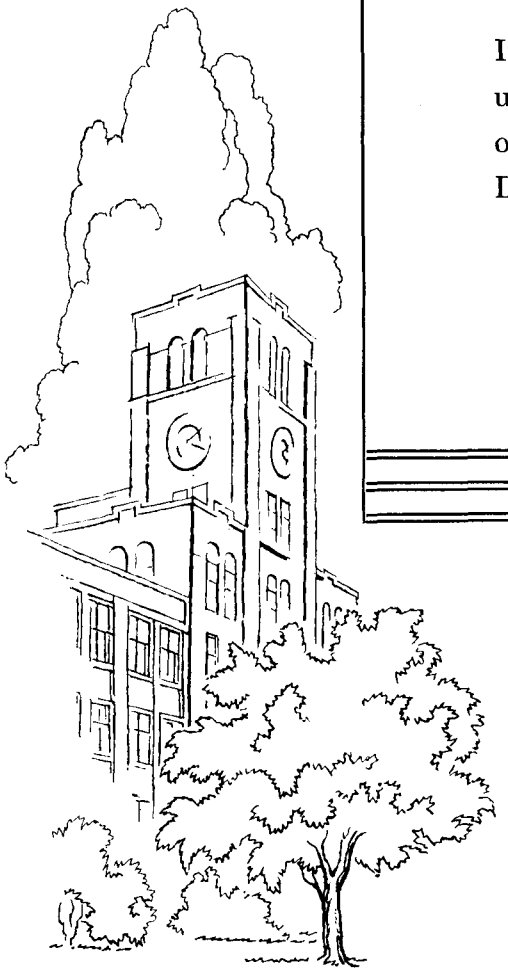
It would be well to remember that regimentation under the welfare state calls for a sacrifice of self-reliance and results in a Declaration of Dependence.



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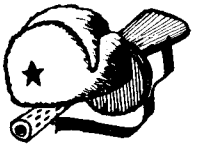

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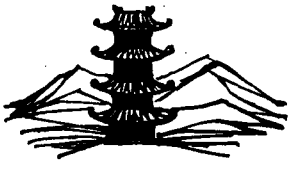

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